SHAKESPEARE'S

AS YOU LIKE IT.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

AS YOU LIKE IT.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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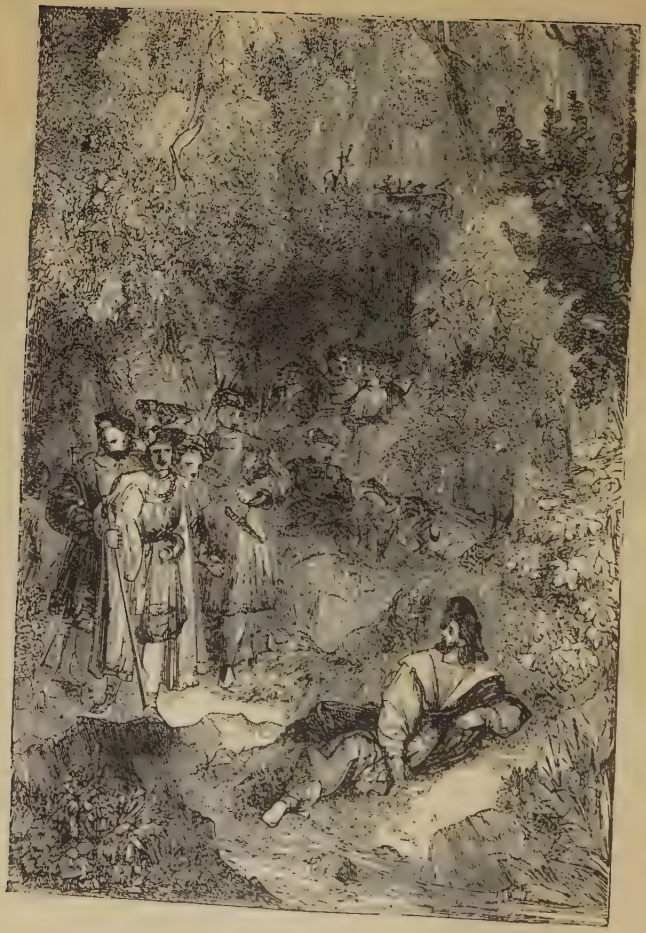


THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

INTRODUCTION

TO

AS YOU LIKE IT.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

As You Like It was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 185–207 in the division of "Comedies." The earliest notice of it by name is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, on a leaf which does not belong to the regular records, but contains miscel-

laneous entries, notes, etc. Between two of these, the one dated in May, 1600, and the other in June, 1603, occurs the following memorandum :*

4. Augusti
As you like yt / a booke
Henry the ffift / a booke
Euery man in his humour / a booke
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing / a booke
} to be staied.

All these "books" are stated to be "my lord chamberlens menns plaies," which confirms Malone's opinion that the entry refers to the year 1600. *Henry V.* and *Much Ado About Nothing* were duly licensed (the former on the 14th and the latter on the 23d of August) and published that year; and it is not likely that the plays would have been "staied" after the publication of two of them. The prohibition was probably removed soon after it was recorded; and, as Halliwell suggests, the clerk may not have considered it worth the formality of a note in the body of the register.

On the other hand, *As You Like It* is not mentioned by Meres in his enumeration of Shakespeare's plays† in *Palladis Tamia*, which was published in September, 1598; and it contains a quotation (see iii. 5. 80) from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, the earliest known edition of which appeared in the same year. It may therefore be reasonably concluded,

* We print this as Wright gives it. In Halliwell's folio ed. it appears thus :

4 Augusti.
As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Commedie of Much Adoo about nothinge, a book.
} To be staied.

Collier gives it twice (in the introductions to *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*), but the versions do not agree with each other or with either of the above. The matter is of little importance, and we refer to it only as illustrating one of the minor trials of an editor who cannot refer to original documents, but has to depend on copies made by others.

† See the passage in our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9.

as nearly all the commentators agree, that *As You Like It* was written between September, 1598, and August, 1600; probably in the year 1599.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Shakespeare was chiefly indebted for the story of the play to a novel by Thomas Lodge, published in 1590 under the title of "Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra, bequeathed to Philautus sonnes noursed up with their father in England, Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L., gent., Imprinted by T. Orwin for T. G. and John Busbie, 1590."* This book was reprinted in 1592, and eight editions are known to have appeared before 1643. How closely the poet followed the novel may be seen by the extracts from the latter printed in our *Notes* below.

We may add here that Lodge took some of the main incidents of his novel from *The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*, which is found in a few of the later manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, but which the best editors of that poet believe to be the production of another writer.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."*†]

Shakespear has here converted the forest of Arden into another Arcadia, where they "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." It is the most ideal of any of this author's plays. It is a pastoral drama, in which the interest arises more out of the sentiments and characters than out of the actions or situations. It is not what is done, but what is said, that claims our attention. Nursed in solitude, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness,

* We give this as it appears in Halliwell's folio ed.

† *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 214 fol.

like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. Caprice and fancy reign and revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and noise of the world strikes upon the ear of those "who have felt them knowingly," softened by time and distance. "They hear the tumult, and are still." The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophical poetry; to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralizing, equally free from pedantry or petulance:

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There is hardly any of Shakespear's plays that contains a greater number of passages that have been quoted in books of extracts, or a greater number of phrases that have become in a manner proverbial. If we were to give all the striking passages, we should give half the play. We will only recall a few of the most delightful to the reader's recollection. Such are the meeting between Orlando and Adam; the exquisite appeal of Orlando to the humanity of the Duke and his company to supply him with food for the old man, and their answer; the Duke's description of a country life, and the account of Jaques moralizing on the wounded deer; his meeting with Touchstone in the forest, his apology for his own melancholy and his satirical vein, and the well-known speech on the stages of human life; the old song of "Blow, blow, thou winter's wind;" Rosalind's description of the marks of a lover, and of the progress of time with different persons; the picture of the snake wreathed around Oliver's body while the lioness watches her sleeping prey; Touchstone's lecture to the shepherd, his defence of cuckolds, and panegyric on the virtues of "an If." All of these are familiar

to the reader: there is one passage of equal delicacy and beauty which may have escaped him, and with it we shall close our account of *As You Like It*. It is Phebe's description of Ganymede, at the end of the third act: "Think not I love him, though I ask for him," etc. [iii. 5. 108–128].

[*From Verplanck's Introduction to the Play.**]

This comedy, at once romantic, philosophical, and picturesque, is in its way one of its author's most peculiar and original works—original, indeed, in everything but the rough materials of the story, and peculiar in all its poetic and dramatic characteristics. In addition to the interest it derives from its varied beauties, it has also that of belonging to a remarkable epoch of Shakespeare's intellectual life—that of the perfection of his art and taste in that especial walk of poetical comedy of which he had been the inventor, and which was the chief occupation of his genius from the beginning of his career of dramatic authorship, during the brilliant and crowded years of his youth and ripening manhood, until he approached middle life. When he entered upon that dramatic career, he found English tragedy not such certainly as he afterwards made it, in depth of passion or in moral truth, yet fully formed as a part of the national literature, and possessing many productions of great though unequal merits. Even the tragedies of the preceding generation had their share of bold and true conception mixed with their extravagance, and (as Sir Philip Sidney, the stern censurer of their defects, allowed) "were full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases;" while Shakespeare's immediate dramatic predecessors, Peel and Kyd and Greene, were fertile in glowing imagery and invention, and Marlowe had clothed much magnificence of thought and declamatory passion in that flowing and "mighty line" so much admired

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. p. 5 of *A. Y. L.*

by his contemporaries. Shakespeare did not shrink from measuring his strength with these dramatists at an early period, and — not to speak of *Pericles*, or more doubtful pieces—gave the bright promise of his future glories in his first form of *Romeo and Juliet*, and probably of *Hamlet*, as well as in the heroic scenes of several of his historical dramas. But these appear to have been the occasional employment of his genius, when excited by some congenial theme; while he discovered before him a wide province of poetic art and invention unoccupied by any predecessor, and open to his sway. The comedy of the English stage, so far as the drama could be said to have assumed that form at all, was but a coarse farce, having no higher or other object in view than "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh." Shakespeare seems, at the very first, to have formed to himself a different conception of the object and character of the poetic comedy. Even in his first regular effort, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he embodied his leading idea as distinctly as in after-works of far more exquisite execution. Of all genuine comedy, the delineation and exhibition of character must be the foundation; but the peculiarity of Shakespeare is that he does this not merely in the spirit of the satirist, or the faithful painter of humorous absurdity, but constantly entwines and contrasts the whole with the most refined forms of grace and beauty, with the poetry of fancy, of sentiment, and even of moral meditation. Upon this new and rich field of invention he entered with the ardour and high relish of youth; so that, between the year 1584 and 1602, he had given to our language thirteen dramatic productions, original in their very conception and character, as combining exquisite truth of character and scenes of the wildest drollery with romantic grace and every form of purely poetic fancy. I include in these productions, together with his comedies written within the above dates, the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, as stamped with

the same characteristics; the poetry of high heroic song there supplying the same effect of contrast to the mirthful that results from the poetry of the gentler passions and the pure fancy in his professed comedies. The whole of these were without any model in any preceding literature, as they are without equals in that of any other age or nation. It is worthy of observation that the only work of humour, in which he neglected this principle of contrast, was the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in its earlier form; and that he considered it of so much importance to the effect of even such a pure exhibition of contemporary English life, in its most domestic aspect, that in his revision of the play he rejected the concluding very pleasant and appropriate scene, to substitute some fragments of a pure chivalric and legendary poetry. For the same purpose of enabling himself thus to associate, in one mixed impression upon his audience, the higher graces of imagination with laugh-provoking images and incidents, he generally selected such scenes of action and periods of time as might be associated with legendary and romantic recollections, instead of painting the men and women of his country and times in their every-day costume.

In separately analyzing his comedies, it is very perceptible how, in each new effort, the work became more peculiarly conformed to that pervading idea of poetic comedy, while the execution became more perfect in itself, and more free from whatever he had imbibed merely from the taste of the age or the writings of contemporaries. In his first comedies, we find the humour verging to farce, and contrasted chiefly with the dialogue of artificial though often sparkling wit; and when these are relieved, as they so frequently are, by purer poetry, these beauties are rather those of the masque, the sonnet, or the pastoral, then belonging to dramatic personation of life.

These characteristics, as well as the rhyming dialogues, were thrown aside more and more in the Poet's progress,

while a graver and, at times, a more didactic morality gradually mingled itself with the luxuriant sweetness of his verse, and the revelling jollity of his prose scenes; and at the same time his wider intercourse with varied society is attested by the boldness and freedom with which he marks and individualizes the personages who throng with such infinite variety through his crowded and living scenes.

To the close of this progressive creation of the peculiarly Shakespearian, or poetic and romantic comedy, during the brilliant summer of the author's youth, and to the era of the perfection of his style, *As You Like It* belongs—a period of the author's intellectual history which was soon to end with the *Twelfth Night;* after which graver thoughts took fuller possession of his mind, and he turned away from the more brilliant aspect of the world and the playful exposure of its follies and frailties, to deal with man's sufferings and crimes, his darker and sterner emotions—*mox in reluctantes dracones. . . .*

The prevailing characteristic of this comedy has been noted by Mr. Hallam, with his usual philosophical discrimination; and it corresponds well with the period of the author's rapidly evolving genius, as marked by other evidence. "In no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakespeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." . . . Equally original in its poetical character with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, it differs from both in this—that they are founded on the fanciful mingling of the supernatural with the natural, while here all is human and natural, and yet throughout it is idealized truth. The time and place and manners are thrown out of the definite into the undefined time and region, where and when the heroes and ladies of chivalric poetry were wont to "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Charles Lamb used to call *Love's Labour's Lost* the "Comedy of Leisure," because its

personages not only "led purely ornamental lives" but were well content to do so, and, having nothing to do, did it agreeably. He might have given the title in a higher sense to *As You Like It*, where the pervading feeling is that of a refined and tasteful, yet simple and unaffected throwing off the stiff "lendings" of artificial society; and this is done by those who had worn those trappings with ease and grace. The humour too is toned down to suit the general impression, being odd, fanciful, gay, and whimsical, without much connection with the more substantial absurdities of the real "work-day world." *As You Like It* is less magnificent than the *Merchant of Venice*, which had not long preceded it, and less exhilarating than the *Twelfth Night*, which soon followed it; and yet it keeps up and leaves a more uniformly pleasurable impression than either.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."* *]

Rosalind is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them, they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is?—to the silvery summer clouds which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers?—to the May-morning, flush with opening blossoms and roseate dews, and "charm of earliest birds?"—to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd boy might "pipe to Amaryllis in the shade?"—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on! . . .

Everything about Rosalind breathes of "youth and youth's sweet prime." She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 110 fol.

among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—"By this hand, it will not hurt a fly!" As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugnment of her delicacy. . . . Rosalind has in truth "no doublet and hose in her disposition." How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of his 'kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession—her fears lest she should have revealed her sex—her presence of mind, and quick-witted excuse—

"I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited"—

and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses—are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety!

"For innocence hath a privilege in her
To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes."

And if the freedom of some of the expressions used by

Rosalind or Beatrice be objected to, let it be remembered that this was not the fault of Shakspeare or the women, but generally of the age. Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and the rest lived in times when more importance was attached to things than to words; now we think more of words than of things; and happy are we in these later days of super-refinement, if we are to be saved by our verbal morality. But this is meddling with the province of the melancholy Jaques, and our argument is Rosalind. . . .

Rosalind has not the impressive eloquence of Portia, nor the sweet wisdom of Isabella. Her longest speeches are not her best; nor is her taunting address to Phebe, beautiful and celebrated as it is, equal to Phebe's own description of her. The latter, indeed, is more in earnest.*

Celia is more quiet and retired: but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

> "Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
> And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
> When she is gone"—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakspeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particu-

* Rousseau could describe such a character as Rosalind, but failed to represent it consistently: "N'est-ce pas de ton cœur que viennent les graces de ton enjouement? Tes railleries sont des signes d'intérêt plus touchants que les compliments d'un autre. Tu caresses quand tu folâtres. Tu ris, mais ton rire pénètre l'âme; tu ris, mais tu fais pleurer de tendresse, et je te vois presque toujours sérieuse avec les indifférents" (*Héloïse*).

lar, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind—

> "If she be a traitor,
> Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we were coupled and inseparable."

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.

Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry. Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Sylvius, Shakspeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two among the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe: the taunting speech to Sylvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume—which last is finer than the portrait of Bathyllus in Anacreon.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."* *]

Shakspere, when he had completed his English historical plays, needed rest for his imagination; and in such a mood, craving refreshment and recreation, he wrote his play of *As You Like It.* To understand the spirit of this play, we must bear in mind that it was written immediately after Shakspere's great series of histories, ending with *Henry V.* (1599), and before he began the great series of tragedies. Shakspere turned with a sense of relief, and a long easeful

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 76 fol.

sigh, from the oppressive subjects of history, so grave, so real, so massive, and found rest and freedom and pleasure in escape from courts and camps to the Forest of Arden:

> "Who doth ambition shun,
> And loves to live i' the sun,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither."

In somewhat the same spirit, needing relief for an over-strained imagination, he wrote his other pastoral drama, *The Winter's Tale*, immediately or almost immediately after *Timon of Athens*. In each case he chose a graceful story in great part made ready to his hand, from among the prose writings of his early contemporaries, Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene. Like the banished Duke, Shakspere himself found the forest-life of Arden more sweet than that of painted pomp; a life "exempt from public haunt," in a quiet retreat, where for turbulent citizens the deer, "poor dappled fools," are the only native burghers. . . .

Upon the whole, *As You Like It* is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakspere's comedies. No one suffers; no one lives an eager intense life; there is no tragic interest in it as there is in *The Merchant of Venice*, as there is in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite; there is none of the rollicking fun of a Sir Toby here; the songs are not "coziers' catches" shouted in the night-time, "without any mitigation or remorse of voice," but the solos and duets of pages in the wild-wood, or the noisier chorus of foresters. The wit of Touchstone is not mere clownage, nor has it any indirect serious significances; it is a dainty kind of absurdity worthy to hold comparison with the melancholy of Jaques. And Orlando in the beauty and strength of early manhood, and Rosalind—

> "A gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh,
> A boar-spear in her hand,"

and the bright, tender, loyal womanhood within—are figures which quicken and restore our spirits, as music does, which

is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world.

Shakspere, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition—the historical plays—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found, possessed of a flora and a fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. "Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony."* After the trumpet-tones of *Henry V.* comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not all be in keeping? Shakspere was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspere confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.†

* C. A. Brown: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*, p. 283.

† Hebler (*Aufsätze über Shakespeare*, p. 195) writes of *As You Like It:* "Es ist eine Waldcur für Hofleute, die zum Glück mit heutigen Bad- oder Luftcuren das gemein hat, dass viele Gesunde dabei sind. So vor Allen Orlando und Rosalinde, für welche beide die Cur keine andere Bedeutung hat als ihre Liebe auf die lieblichste Weise zur Erscheinung und Reife zu bringen, während das vorübergehend Bedenkliche ihrer Lage den Alles, selbst die Liebe noch, verschönenden Götterfunken des Humors hervorlockt. Daneben der Contrast der blossen lieben Natur in dem Schäferpäärchen, und die heitere Parodie des idyllischen Hoflebens in der Heirath des Narren mit einem Landmädchen, während der Blasirte (Jaques) auch der frischesten Natur seine eigene Farbe ankränkelt."

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.**]

"The sweetest and happiest of Shakspere's comedies," says Professor Dowden. Yes, sweetest, because the sweetness has been drawn from the bitters of life: happiest, because the happiness has sprung from, has overcome, sorrow and suffering. What most we prize is misfortune borne with cheery mind, the sun of man's spirit shining through and dispersing the clouds that strive to shade it.† And surely this is the spirit of the play. The play goes back, too, to the old Robin Hood spirit of England, to that same love of country and of forest and of adventure which still sends our men all over the world, and empties yearly our women out of town:

"They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world;"

or, as Orlando puts the other side of it—

"In this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. lvii.

† My friend Dr. Ingleby says on this, "The moral of the play is much more concrete. It is not, how to bear misfortune with cheery mind, but, *how to read the lessons in the vicissitudes of physical nature.*" This is what the banisht Duke says as to "the penalty of Adam," and what Amiens says in "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" and "Under the greenwood tree." Everywhere it is "in these inclement skies we shall feel what we are, but find no enemy. We who have known the insincerity of flattery, covering ingratitude and backbiting, shall here find frank and outspoken friends, who teach us to read the message of cold winds, etc.; and through that, make us believe that all adversity has its uses, and, sweet ones."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity. . . ."

"Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornnesses of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

It is true this is not Prospero's task, but Shakspere is in his Second Period, not his Fourth. We are out of all wrangle of court and struggle of camp, in this forest of enchantment, Arden, where lions and palms and serpents grow, where ambition is shunnd, and all are pleased with what they get. 'Tis Chaucer's "Flee fro the pres and dwelle with sooth fastnesse," his "Former Age;" a fancy picture if you will; but let us enjoy it while we may. The picture is not painted in the same high key of colour as *Much Ado*. Instead of the hot sun of Beatrice's and Benedick's sharp wit-combats, with its golden reds and yellows, backt by the dark clouds of Hero's terrible distress, we have a picture of greys and greens and blues, lit through a soft haze of silvery light. Rosalind's rippling laugh comes to us from the far-off forest glades, and the wedded couples' sweet content reaches us as a strain of distant melody. The play stretches backwards and forwards as *Much Ado* does: back to the First Period, *Love's Labours Lost*. The scene is the Forest of Arden, like the King of Navarre's park; the early Stratford woodland life is in both. And in both is the same almost childish love of the girl tormenting her sweetheart by assuming or continuing unnecessary disguises, the lover's writing of verses, the hunting, etc.; the names Rosaline and Rosalind, and certain points of likeness between their owners. Miss Baillie says, "The way in which Rosalind delights in teasing Orlando is essentially womanly. There are many women who take unaccountable pleasure in causing pain to those they love, for the sake of healing it afterwards." The love at first sight is like that in *Love's Labours Lost*, and Touchstone and Audrey are a far better Armado and Jacquenetta. To *Midsummer-Night's Dream* this play is linkt by its enchanted land, and its pretty picture of Rosalind's and Celia's friendship matching that of Helena and Hermia. With *The Merchant* we get the links of Rosalind's description of her dressing as a man, like Portia's (and Julia's in *The Two*

Gentlemen), while the melancholy of Jaques reminds us, in name, of that of Antonio in *The Merchant*. Rosalind's description of herself as "one out of suits with fortune" suits Portia's "My little body is aweary of this great world." The reach forward of the play is most interesting in its anticipation of the Fourth-Period lesson,* that repentance and reconciliation are better than revenge, taught by the two instances of Oliver and Duke Frederick; while in *Pericles* we see that Marina is to be killed because she stained her friend Cleon's daughter, as Duke Frederick justifies his cruelty to Rosalind because she throws Celia into the shade. One cannot also forget the fool here, "who'll go along o'er the wide world with Celia," when thinking of Lear's fool, who'd never been happy since his young mistress went to France. And we may remember, too, Shakspere's quotation here from his dead friend Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, first printed in 1598:

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
> 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'"

* Mr. Furnivall makes the following classification of Shakespeare's plays and poems:—

First Period (? 1588–1594):

a. The Comedy of Errors or Mistaken-Identity Group: *Love's Labours Lost; The Comedy of Errors; A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

b. Link-play: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

c. The Passion Group: *Romeo and Juliet; Venus and Adonis; Lucrece.*

d. The Early Histories: *Richard II.;* 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.; Richard III.*

Second Period (? 1595–1601):

a. The Life-plea Group; a History and Comedy: *King John; The Merchant of Venice.*

b. A Farce: *The Taming of the Shrew.*

c. The three Comedies of Falstaff, with the Trilogy of *Henry IV.* and *V.*: 1 *Henry IV.;* 2 *Henry IV.;* The *Merry Wives; Henry V.*

d. The three Sunny or Sweet-Time Comedies: *Much Ado; As You Like It; Twelfth Night.*
e. The Darkening Comedy: *All's Well.*

THIRD PERIOD (1601–1608):
a. The Unfit-Nature or Under-Burden-failing Group: *Julius Cæsar; Hamlet; Measure for Measure.*
b. The Tempter-yielding Group: *Othello; Macbeth.*
c. The First Ingratitude and Cursing Play: *King Lear.*
d. The Lust or False-Love Group: *Troilus and Cressida; Antony and Cleopatra.*
e. The Second Ingratitude or Cursing Group: *Coriolanus; Timon of Athens.*

FOURTH PERIOD (1609–1613):
All of Re-union, of Reconciliation and Forgiveness:
a. By Men: *Pericles; The Tempest.*
b. By Women (mainly): *Cymbeline; The Winter's Tale; Henry VIII.*

In this classification *Titus Andronicus* is omitted as "not Shakspere's." *The Passionate Pilgrim* (? 1589–1599) and the *Sonnets* (? 1592–1608) are considered separately, the latter having an elaborate classification of their own.

We have not thought it worth while to interfere with Mr. Furnivall's orthographical eccentricities ("banisht," "shunnd," and the like), nor with his version of the title of *Love's Labour's Lost.* The folio, by the way, gives this last uniformly "Loues Labour's lost" in the title and head-lines of the play. In the table of contents it has "*Loues Labour Lost.*" The title-page of the quarto of 1598, according to several authorities, reads "Loues labors lost."—(*Ed.*).

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished
JAQUES, } duke.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, } shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

"To liberty, and not to banishment" (i. 3. 136).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired:

but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 22

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

Orlando. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 31

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir? 39

Orlando. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there

twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliver. What, boy!

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

Orlando. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis! 81

Enter DENNIS.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what 's the new news at the new court? 91

Charles. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 99

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young

gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliver. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his payment. If ever he go

alone again, I 'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oliver. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Celia. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. 'T is true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Celia. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Celia. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Celia. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the destinies decree.

Celia. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Rosalind. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end: for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence,—

Rosalind. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas!

Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

Rosalind. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Celia. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so; I 'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat

him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Rosalind. O excellent young man!

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke Frederick. Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

Orlando. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.*

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Celia. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Celia. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orlando. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Rosalind. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Celia. Will you go, coz?

Rosalind. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orlando. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

Scene III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Celia. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke Frederick. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

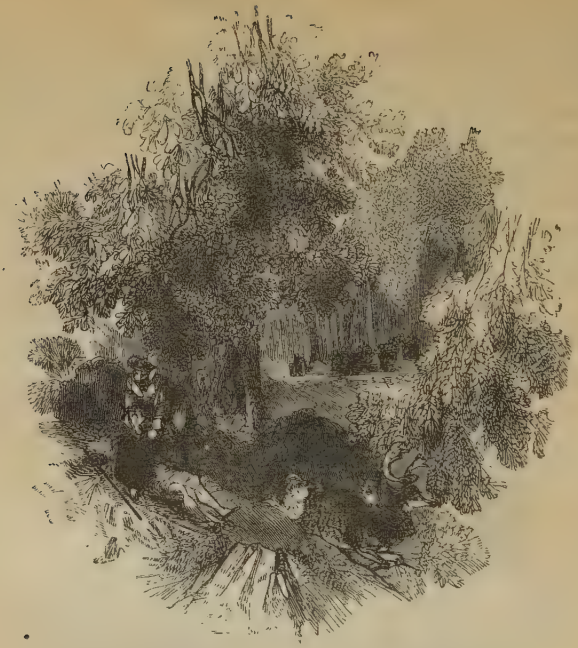
Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.
Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke Frederick. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*
Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Rosalind. I have more cause.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.
Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?
Celia. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rosalind. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Celia. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*



"Dear master, I can go no further" (ii. 6. 1).

ACT II.

Scene I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, *and two or three* Lords, *like foresters.*

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery'—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Senior. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
''T is right,' quoth he, 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Senior. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

First Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke Frederick. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Second Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke Frederick. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orlando. Who 's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him in his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND *for* GANYMEDE, CELIA *for* ALIENA, *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Rosalind. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

Celia. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Corin. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone. And I mine. I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool; he 's not thy kinsman.
Corin. Who calls?
Touchstone. Your betters, sir.
Corin. Else are they very wretched.
Rosalind. Peace, I say.—Good even to you, friend.
Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

Song.

Amiens. *Under the greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more!

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more! I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more!

Amiens. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues

Amiens. Well, I 'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

Song.

Who doth ambition shun [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I 'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens. And I 'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens. What 's that 'ducdame?'

Jaques. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.

Amiens. And I 'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI. *The Forest.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter: and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *The Forest.*

A table set out. *Enter* Duke Senior, Amiens, *and* Lords *like* outlaws.

Duke Senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast:
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Senior. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Senior. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool!—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley 's the only wear.

Duke Senior. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Senior. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
But to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Senior. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Senior. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke Senior. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orlando. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Senior. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orlando. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Senior. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orlando. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke Senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Senior. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Song.

Amiens. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

Duke Senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

'Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love" (iii. 2. 1).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER.

Duke Frederick. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now,

in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 21

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? 31

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope,—

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 42

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touchstone. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy. 50

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again! A more sounder instance; come.

Corin. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touchstone. Most shallow man! thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me; I 'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Corin. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touchstone. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Corin. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Rosalind. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touchstone. I 'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *with a writing.*

Rosalind. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Celia. [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosalind. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Celia. How now! back, friends!—Shepherd, go off a little. —Go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses? 153

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That 's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 160

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour? 170

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping? 181

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though

I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard? 192

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking! speak sad brow and true maid. 200

Celia. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 213

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the

propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Celia. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Rosalind. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God be wi' you: let 's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*

Rosalind. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is 't o' clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o' day; there 's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else

sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Rosalind. Go with me to it and I 'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Forest.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey; Jaques *behind.*

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Audrey. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaques. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone. Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Are horns given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by

so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.—

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call-'t: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ield you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be covered.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey.—
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not—

'O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:'

but—

'Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.'

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oliver. 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *The Forest. Before a Cottage.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all 's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Celia. Well, and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Rosalind. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murther in mine eye:
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phebe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.
Rosalind. [*Advancing*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.—'Od 's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd : fare you well.

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together ;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Rosalind. He 's fallen in love with your foulness, and she 'll fall in love with my anger.—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me ?

Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud ; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

Phebe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight ?'

Silvius. Sweet Phebe,—

Phebe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phebe. Thou hast my love ; is not that neighbourly ?

Silvius. I would have you.

Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.
Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'T is but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well :
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty :
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He 'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he 's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe. I 'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rosalind. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Rosalind. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orlando. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaques. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail?

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orlando. What 's that?

Rosalind. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orlando. Virtue is no horn maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Rosalind. And I am your Rosalind.

Celia. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orlando. What, of my suit?

Rosalind. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind? 80

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orlando. Then in mine own person I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 97

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 102

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. —Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Celia. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando. I will.

Rosalind. Ay, but when?

Orlando. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There 's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orlando. For ever and a day.

Rosalind. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando. O, but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Rosalind. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orlando. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rosalind. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 't is but one cast away, and so, come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Celia. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Celia. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I 'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, *and* Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let 's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Forester. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

Forester. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
[The rest shall bear this burthen.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

Scene III. *The Forest.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.
Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.
Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.
Silvius. Sure, it is hers.
Rosalind. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Rosalind. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—
Can a woman rail thus?
Silvius. Call you this railing?
Rosalind. [Reads]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?—
Did you ever hear such railing?—
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—
Meaning me a beast.—
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind:
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

Silvius. Call you this chiding?

Celia. Alas, poor shepherd!

Rosalind. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Celia. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom;
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.

Oliver. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;

Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owners of the house I did enquire for?
Celia. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin.—Are you he?
Rosalind. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oliver. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Celia. I pray you, tell it.
Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir: for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd among men.
Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Rosalind. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Celia. Are you his brother?
Rosalind. Was 't you he rescued?
Celia. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliver. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place,—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*

Celia. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Celia. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede!

Oliver. Look, he recovers.

Rosalind. I would I were at home.

Celia. We 'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.

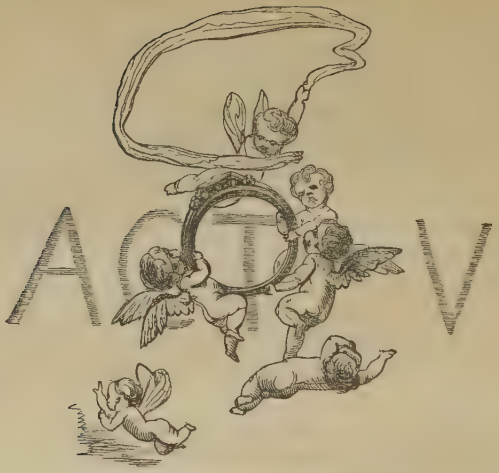
Oliver. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Celia. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Rosalind. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt*



"In the spring time, the only pretty ring time."

Scene I. *The Forest.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even, William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. Thank God!—a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touchstone. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. There-

fore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart. 55

Audrey. Do, good William.

William. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey!—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orlando. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. 12

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be

to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! 20

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that. 27

Rosalind. O, I know where you are: nay, 't is true; there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame.' For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 38

Orlando. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind? 46

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have; it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Silvius. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Rosalind. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Silvius*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phebe*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phebe*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow. [*To Orlando*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Silvius*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orlando*] As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To Silvius*] as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Silvius. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.
Orlando. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Forest.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you; sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Forest.*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Senior. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Rosalind. You say you 'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phebe. So is the bargain.
Rosalind. You say that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Rosalind. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd;—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*
Duke Senior. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.
Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!
Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Senior. I like him very well.

Touchstone. God 'ield you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Senior. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say,

I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: the first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'If.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'If,' as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'If.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he 's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Senior. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in her proper habit, and* CELIA. *Still Music.*

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. [*To Duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.—

[*To Orlando*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke Senior. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Rosalind. I 'll have no father, if you be not he ;—
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he ;—
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'T is I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part ;—
You and you are heart in heart ;—
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord ;—
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.—
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown ;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'T is Hymen peoples every town ;
High wedlock then be honoured :

Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Senior. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phebe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaques de Boys. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Senior. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music!—And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaques de Boys. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I; out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—
[*To Orlando*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
[*To Oliver*] You to your land and love and great allies:—
[*To Silvius*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:—
[*To Touchstone*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Senior. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Senior. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they 'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

Epilogue.

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beg-

gar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Hen. V. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry V.*
Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry VIII.*
Id. (*idem*), the same.
J. C. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Julius Cæsar.*
J. H., John Hunter's edition of *As You Like It* (London, n. d.).
K., Knight (second edition).
M., Rev. C. E. Moberly's "Rugby" edition of *As You Like It* (London, 1872).
Macb. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Macbeth.*
Mer., Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice.*
M. N. D. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
Rich. II. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Richard II.*
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Temp. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *The Tempest.*
Theo., Theobald
V., Verplanck.
W., White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
Whiter, Rev. W. Whiter's *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare* (London, 1794).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).
Wr., W. A. Wright's "Clarendon Press" edition of *As You Like It* (Oxford, 1876).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets.*

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

It is probable that the title *As You Like It* was suggested by the preface of Lodge's novel. In his address "To the Gentlemen readers," he says: "Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtelaxe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, where everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. *If you like it*, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour." Tieck believed that the title

was meant as a reply to Ben Jonson's criticisms on the loose and irregular style of Shakespeare's comedy, and that it was suggested by the following passage in the Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels:*

> "I 'll only speak what I have heard him say,
> 'By —— 't is good, and if you like 't you may.'"

Ulrici sees in it a reference to the meaning and spirit of the play itself. In summing up his argument, he says: "In fact, all do exactly what and as they please; each gives himself or herself up, in unbridled wilfulness, to good or evil, according to his or her own whims, moods, or impulses, whatever the consequences may prove to be. Each looks upon and turns and shapes life as it pleases him or her. . . . It is a life such as not only must please the dramatic personages themselves, but would please every one, were such a life only possible; it is the poetic reflex of a life *as you like it*, light and smooth in its flow, unencumbered by serious tasks, free from the fetters of definite objects, and from intentions difficult to realize; an amusing play of caprice, of imagination, and of wavering sensations and feelings."*

The following extracts from Lodge's novel† include the parts chiefly used by Shakespeare:

["Sir John of Burdeaux," on his death-bed, calls his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divides his estate among them. To Saladyne he gives "fourteene ploughlands," with his "mannor houses and richest plate;" to Fernandine, "twelve ploughlands;" and to Rosader, his horse, armour, and lance, "with sixteene ploughlands."]

Saladyne, "after a months mourning was past, fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yoonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might, if not defraud them of their due, yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe. . . .

"Thy brother is yoong, keepe him now in awe; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for,—'Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.' i. 1. Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much: suppresse his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke whilest thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

"In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young

* *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, 3d ed., trans. by L. D. Schmitz (London, 1876), vol. ii. p. 16.

† We take these from Halliwell, who reprints the novel in full in his folio ed. We insert the paragraphs in brackets to supply the gaps in the narrative.

gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowmed for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. Alas, quoth hee to himselfe, nature woorking these effectuall passions, why should I, that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother. nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denies mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that, casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As he was thus ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha, quoth he, what is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee, Saladyne, for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in thy bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemie. At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therfore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith, sir boy, I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladine, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes. . . .

"These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, for he was of a milde and curteous nature, so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley, they imbraced eache other and became friends. . . . Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as, *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*, taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yoong Rosader, who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him, and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the countrey. Now, brother, quoth hee, for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowmed father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou thy fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hye thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. . . .

"But leaving him so desirous of the journey, turn we to Torismond,
i. 2. the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then

love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France. . . .

"At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a chalenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these, dooing his obeysance to the king, entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. . . .

"With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beauty so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious. The Normane, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes, drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde

which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie." . . .

Torismond "thought to banish her [Rosalynd] from the court: for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so ful of favour, that it pleades pittie in the eye of every man: her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had-I-wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall, as an exile, eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court: for, quoth he, I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus." i. 3.

[Then follows "Alindas Oration to her Father in Defence of faire Rosalynde," the result of which is that Alinda is included in the sentence against Rosalynd.]

"At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, . . . they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush, quoth Rosalynd, art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that, trust me, in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al

their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda, from her royall weedes, put herselfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes." . . .

[They found verses written on the trees, but they were the "passion" of Montanus, the Silvius of Shakespeare; and then they continued their journey until "comming into a faire valley, compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes, they might descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed."]

"Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard
ii. 4. [Montanus] sate, and with him a yoong swaine [Coridon], under a covert most pleasantly scituated. . . .

"The shepheards having thus ended their Eglogue,* Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile, for such wee deeme you by your flockes, and lovers, good lucke, for such you seeme by your passions, our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour, be it never so meane, I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. Coridon, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answere.—Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep: ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but releeve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganimede by hir, Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded, in his thought, her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.—If I should not, faire Damosell, occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest? Aliena, that was as courteous as she was fayre, made this

* The "Eglogue" is a dialogue of thirty-four stanzas of four lines each.

replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a countrey life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life, oh mistres, did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice, the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not in dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*. By my troth, shepheard, quoth Aliena, thou makest mee in love with thy countrey life, and therfore send for thy landslord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowful? Oh sir, quoth he, the boy is in love. . . .

"With this they were at Coridon's cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting

on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage." . . .

[Meanwhile Rosader, driven from home by the harshness of his brother, takes with him his father's old servant, Adam Spencer, and makes for the forest of Arden.]

"But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province
ii. 6. of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune, who is like the camelion, variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, being olde, began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares. . . .

"As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I, Adam, combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister, quoth he, you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that til I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader, full of courage, though verie faint, rose up, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, that I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by
ii. 7. Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having

store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such men as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but be lorde of the feast. Gramercy, sir, quoth Rosader, but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. . . .

"The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing
iii. 1. that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse suche faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste: who, marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. . . .

"In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who, with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine, quoth he, I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Sala-

dyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penaunce of his former follies to travaile abroade in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader." . . .

[Meanwhile, "Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde forrests. . . . Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie." At length he meets Ganimede and Aliena.]

"Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee sheepheards say, tis time to go to dinner; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets. Assone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thankes for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie.* . . . iii. 2.

"And thereupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content, quoth Ganimede, and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde. . . .

"All this while did poore Saladyne, banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond, wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by-pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon iv. 3.

* "The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader," which follows, is too long for quotation, and besides Shakespeare appears to have made no use of it.

him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe, and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader, having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket, came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He espyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stoode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distressed and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. . . .

"With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him such a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded.

"Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one humble and submisse, the other milde and curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. . . . Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke; during which time hee was greatly mist of his Ganymede, who mused much with Aliena what should become of their forrester.

"With this Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the
iii. 5. fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne,* and Ganimede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with his hast. What newes with you, quoth Aliena, that you come in such post? Oh, mistres, quoth Coridon, you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepheardesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganimede, to walk with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine. The newes were so welcome to the two lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate, the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickst swaine in the whole forrest, she in a petticote of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepheard, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have been compassionate. . . . Ah, Phœbe, quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie? . . . At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply.—Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse, are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? . . . Wert thou, Montanus, as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus I must flie with Daphne. Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward . . . Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained

* "An incident in the novel, which accounts for the sudden falling in love of Saladyne and Aliena, is altogether omitted by Shakespeare. A band of robbers attempt to carry off Aliena, Rosader encounters them single-handed, but is wounded and almost overpowered, when his brother comes to the rescue. While Ganimede is dressing Rosader's wounds, Aliena and Saladyne indulge in some 'quirkes and quiddities of love,' the course of which is told with considerable detail. Aliena's secret is soon extorted from her by Ganimede" (Wright).

when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great. Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers. . . .

"I am glad, quoth Ganimede,* you looke into your own faults, and
v. 2. see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that love that I doe owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe. . . . Ganimede tooke his leave of Phœbe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. . . . As she came on the plaines, shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade. . . . I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solemnpnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing, Truth, quoth Ganimede; but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimede, quoth he, by naming Rosalynd, renue not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimede: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard. . . .

"In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came. . . .
v. 4. As they were thus drinking and ready to go to church, came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as labels of his loves and fortunes. . . . Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favour to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader, quoth hee, the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would

* This is at an interview with Phœbe after the latter has sent a letter to Ganimede by Montanus.

have burst. And whats the matter, quoth Gerismond, that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir, quoth Rosader, because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition, quoth Gerismond, that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppresse Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, quoth Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, quoth Phœbe. And in your victory, quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes, for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, quoth Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, led us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while, quoth shee, and you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised. . . .

"While every one was amazed, . . . Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their mariages were solemnly solemnized." . . .

It will be seen, that while the Poet followed the novel closely in the main incidents of his plot, the characterization is exclusively his own. The personages common to the novel and the play are as truly new creations in the latter as Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, who have no place in the former. Even the deviations in the conduct of the story, as Knight remarks, "furnish a most remarkable example of the wonderful superiority of his art as compared with the art of other men." We cannot discuss these in detail; the quotations we have given from the novel will enable the reader to examine them for himself.*

* Compare what Campbell says in his introduction to the play: "The plot of this delicious comedy was taken by our Poet from Lodge's 'Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacye.' Some of Lodge's incidents are judiciously omitted, but the greater part are preserved—the wrestling scene, the flight of the two ladies into the forest of Arden, the

We may add that the character of Adam has a peculiar interest from the fact that, according to a tradition current in the last century, the part was performed by Shakespeare himself. Steevens gives the following extract from Oldys's manuscript collections for a life of the Poet:

"One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *K. Charles II.*, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them] to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor* among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song."

Capell also has the following:

"A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford,—that a very old man of that place,—of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare,—being ask'd by some of his neighbours, what he remember'd about him; answer'd,—that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers, to his having seen him perform in this scene the part of Adam."

This story came to Capell from Mr. Thomas Jones, of Tarbick, in Worcestershire; and Malone suggests that he may have heard it from Richard Quiney (who died in 1656, at the age of 69) or from Thomas Quiney, Shakespeare's son-in-law (who lived till about 1663, and who was 27 years old when the poet died), or from one of the Hathaways.

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meeting there of Rosalind with her father and mother, and the whole happy termination of the plot, are found in the prose romance. Even the names of the personages are but slightly changed; for Lodge's Rosalind in her male attire, calls herself Ganymede, and her cousin, as a shepherdess, is named Aliena. But never was the prolixity and pedantry of a prosaic narrative transmuted by genius into such magical poetry. In the days of James I., George Heriot, the Edinburgh merchant who built a hospital still bearing his name, is said to have made his fortune by purchasing for a trifle a quantity of sand that had been brought as ballast by a ship from Africa. As it was dry, he suspected from its weight that it contained gold, and he succeeded in filtering a treasure from it. Shakespeare, like Heriot, took the dry and heavy sand of Lodge, and made gold out of it."

* Charles Hart, who was perhaps a grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *As I remember*, etc. We follow the folio here, with Halliwell, K., and others. Warb., who has been followed by D. and some other editors, thought it necessary to mend the grammar by reading "upon this fashion: *he* bequeathed," etc. W. points it thus: "fashion,—bequeathed," etc., which is plausible. *Bequeathed* is then in the past tense, the subject being omitted; as Abbott (Gr. 399) explains *charged* just below. With our pointing *bequeathed* is a participle, and *charged* may be considered the same, or as Abbott gives it.

2. *Poor a.* This transposition of the article is akin to that still allowed after *how* and *so*. Cf. Gr. 85, 422. In *A. and C.* v. 2. 236, we have "What poor an instrument." K. says that Orlando is "quoting the will, and *poor* is the adjective to *a thousand crowns*." Caldecott puts the whole

passage thus: "It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by [my father in his] will, but poor a (the poor pittance of a) thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, [it was, or he there] charged my brother," etc.

3. *On his blessing.* *On* is often so used in asseverations and obsecrations (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 5. 87: "On height of our displeasure," etc. Wr. quotes Heywood, *English Traveller:* "This doe vpon my blessing."

To breed = to bring up, educate; as in 9 and 101 below. Cf. our present use in *well-bred, good breeding*, etc.

5. *At school.* That is, at the university. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 113: "going back to school in Wittenberg." On *goldenly*, cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 33: "golden opinions." *Profit* = proficiency. Cf. the use of the verb in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 166:

> "Exceedingly well read, and profited
> In strange concealments," etc.

7. *Stays.* Detains. Cf. i. 3. 65 below: "we stay'd her for your sake." Warb. substituted "sties," and Johnson approved the change.

11. *Manage.* The training of a horse (Fr. *manège*). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 179; and see also *Mer.* p. 153. For the ellipsis in *dearly hired*, see Gr. 403.

13. *The which.* See Gr. 270.

15. *Countenance.* Bearing, behaviour. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 69: "By unkind usage, dangerous countenance." Wr. explains it as = "favour, regard, patronage;" Walker, "the style of living which he allows me;" J. H., "the way in which he acknowledges or entertains me." *Seems* = seems as if it wished (Capell). Cf. *Macb.* p. 170.

17. *Hinds.* Menials, servants; as in *M. W.* iii. 5. 99 and *R. and J.* i. 7. 73. Elsewhere the word = boor, peasant; as in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 123, etc.

18. *Mines.* Undermines, seeks to destroy.

20. *Mutiny.* Rebel. S. also uses the form *mutine*, both verb and noun; as in *Ham.* iii. 4. 83, v. 2. 6, and *K. John*, ii. 1. 378.

26. *What make you here?* What do you here? As Halliwell notes, the phrase is very common, and is quibbled upon in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190 fol. and in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 164 fol. Cf. iii. 2. 206 below.

29. *Marry.* Originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin; but its derivation had come to be forgotten in the time of S. Wr. remarks that "here it keeps up a poor pun upon *mar.*"

32. *Be naught awhile.* "This is merely a petty oath, equivalent to *a mischief on you*, or sometimes to *get you gone immediately*" (Halliwell). Steevens quotes *Storie of King Darius*, 1565: "Come away, and be nought awhyle;" and other commentators add many other examples of the phrase from writers of the time.

34. The allusion to the story of the prodigal (*Luke*, xv.) is obvious. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 103: "a motion of the Prodigal Son" (that is, a puppet-show, illustrating the story); and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 157: "the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work" (where the context shows that it was used in tapestries and hangings). See also *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 4, *M. of V.* ii. 6. 17, etc.

40. *Him.* Often put, by attraction to *whom* understood, for *he whom*

(Gr. 208). Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 1. 15: "Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away," etc.

41. *In the gentle condition of blood.* "On any kindly view of relationship" (M.).

46. *Your coming*, etc. That is, you are more closely and directly the representative of his honours, and therefore entitled to the respect due to him. Warb. suggested "his *revenue*," which Hanmer adopted. Halliwell quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 41:

> "My due from thee is this imperial crown,
> Which, as *immediate* from thy place and blood,
> Derives itself to me."

Whiter thinks that Orlando uses *reverence* in an ironical sense, and means to say that "his brother, by coming before him, is nearer to a respectable and venerable elder of a family."

48. *What, boy!* Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando in return seizes his brother by the throat.

49. *Young.* Raw, inexperienced. Cf. Lodge (p. 122 above): "I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes," etc. See also *Macb.* iii. 4. 144: "We are yet but young in deed." As Wr. notes, "too young" is used in just the contrary sense in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 119.

52. *Villain.* Oliver uses the word in the present sense; Orlando, with a play upon this and the old meaning of serf or base-born fellow. Cf. *T. A.* iv. 3. 73, *Lear*, iii. 7. 78, etc. The word was sometimes used as a familiar form of address, and even as a term of endearment; as in *C. of E.* i. 2. 19, *W. T.* i. 2. 136, etc. In *T. N.* ii. 5. 16 and *T. and C.* iii. 2. 35 it is applied to women in this sense.

66. *Such exercises*, etc. Wr. quotes *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 30:

> "There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
> Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
> And be in eye of every exercise
> Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth."

67. *Allotery.* Allotment, portion. S. uses the word only here.

68. *Go buy.* Go to buy; a very common ellipsis with *go* in S. Cf i. 2. 223 below. As Abbott remarks (Gr. 349), even now we retain a dislike to use the formal *to* after *go* and *come*, and therefore substitute *and*. Cf. ii. 3. 31 below: "wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?"

69. *And what*, etc. W. points the passage thus: "And what wilt thou do, beg, when that is spent?" *Beg* is then = *I* beg, as *pray* often = I pray; but S. does not elsewhere use *beg* in that way, and the ordinary pointing gives a sufficiently clear meaning.

70. *Get you in.* On the use of *you*, see Gr. 232.

76. *Lost my teeth*, etc. M. quotes Tacitus, *Ann.* i. 34: "quidam [milites], prensa manu Germanici per speciem osculandi, inseruerunt digitos, ut vacua dentibus ora contingeret;" a mute appeal to the same effect as Adam's.

78. *Spoke.* See Gr. 343.

79. *Grow upon me.* Get the better of me, get the upper hand of me (Schmidt); or, perhaps, "increase in disobedience to my authority" (Halliwell). Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 107: "growing on the south" (that is, gaining

on it, tending that way); *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 55: "sickness growing Upon our soldiers," etc.

80. *Physic your rankness.* Check this rank growth of your insolence.

83. *Wrestler.* "Wrastler" in the folio here and elsewhere; but the other spelling was also used in the time of S. The former indicates the pronunciation, which is still a vulgar one in New England.

85. *So please you.* If it please you; of which our "if you please" is a corruption. Cf. *Sonn.* 136. 11: "so it please thee," etc. See *Mer.* pp. 134, 136; and for the *so*, Gr. 133.

90. Some eds. print "Good monsieur Charles!—what's," etc.; making *Good monsieur Charles!* a response to the greeting = "you are very kind" (M.).

97. *Good leave.* Full permission. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 326 and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 20.

102. *She.* The 1st and 2d folios have "he;" the 3d and 4th, "she." For the "indefinite" use of the infinitive in *to stay* (very common in S.), see Gr. 356.

107. *The forest of Arden.* The Forest of Ardennes was in the north-east of France, "between the Meuse and the Moselle;" but it is not necessary to suppose that the poet had this fact in mind. He took the scene from Lodge's novel, lions and all, and did not trouble himself about its geography, which has nevertheless been a sore vexation to some of his commentators. K. has well said: "We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our Forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be 'clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz rock, and quartzose sandstone.' We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

> 'two fountains grew,
> Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
> *Plac'd in Ardenna*, each in other's view:
> Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike;
> Contrary of the other doth ensue,
> Who drinks thereof their lovers shall mislike.'

We are equally sure that Shakespeare *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness."

There was also a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire. Drayton, in his *Matilda*, 1594, speaks of "sweet Arden's nightingales;" and again, in the *Idea:*

> "Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
> Amongst the daintie dew-impearled flowers."

108. *A many.* See *Hen. V.* p. 170, or Gr. 87.

110. *Fleet.* Not elsewhere used transitively by S. The intransitive verb occurs often; as in *Sonn.* 19. 5, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 108, iv. 1. 135, *K. John*, ii. 1. 285, etc.

111. *The golden world.* That is, the golden age.

112. *What.* Often so used, "superfluously introducing a question" (Schmidt). Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 10, *Ham.* i. 1. 19, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 59, etc.

118. *Shall.* Must, will have to. Gr. 315.

121. *Withal.* With this, with it. Cf. i. 2. 22 and ii. 7. 48 below. Gr. 196.

122. *Intendment.* Intention, purpose. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 144: "the main intendment of the Scot."

127. *By underhand means.* "Because of the obstinacy which he attributes to him" (Wr.).

129. *It is.* Used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18: "It is the most impenetrable cur;" and *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 71: "Why, 't is a gull, a fool," etc. In *Macb.* i. 4. 58 ("It is a peerless kinsman") the familiarity is affectionate. See also iii. 5. 112 below.

130. *Emulator.* Used by S. only here. For *emulation* = envy, jealousy, see *J. C.* ii. 3. 14 and note in our ed. p. 153. So *emulous* = envious; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 79, 242, etc.

131. *Contriver.* Plotter; as in *T. A.* iv. 1. 36, *J. C.* ii. 1. 158, and *Macb.* iii. 5. 7. *Contrive* is used in the same bad sense; as in iv. 3. 134 below. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 171, *J. C.* ii. 3. 16, *Ham.* iv. 7. 136, etc.

132. *His natural brother.* Halliwell remarks that "*natural* did not formerly imply, as now, illegitimacy." He quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585: "*Filius naturalis*, a natural or lawfully begotten sonne."

133. *Had as lief.* Good old English, but condemned by some modern grammar-mongers because they cannot "parse" it. *Lief* is the A. S. *leof*, dear. The comparative *liefer* or *lever* and the superlative *liefest* are common in our early writers. Cf. Gower (quoted by Tooke):

> "And let no thyng to thee be lefe
> Which to another man is grefe;"

and again:

> "Three pointes which, I fynde,
> Ben levest unto mans kynde;"

Chaucer, *C. T.* 10995: "It were me lever than twenty pound worth lond;" *Id.* 11004: "And he had lever talken with a page," etc. S. does not use *liefer*, but has *liefest* in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 164: "my liefest liege." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 33: "my liefest liefe" (my dearest love). We have both *lief* and *liefer* in *F. Q.* iii. 1. 24:

> "These six would me enforce by odds of might
> To chaunge my liefe, and love another Dame;
> That death me liefer were then such despight"—

that is, death would be more welcome to me than such despite. The old use of the comparative is also illustrated by *F. Q.* i. 9. 32: "For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

Lief, at first = dear, beloved, pleasing, came to mean willing. Spenser has *lief or loth** = willing or unwilling; as in *F. Q.* iii. 9. 13: "Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;" and *Id.* vi. 1. 44: "He up arose, however liefe or loth." From this the transition is easy to the adverbial use = willingly, as in *had as lief* = would as willingly. The forms *lief* and

* Cf. Chaucer's "For lefe ne lothe" (for friend nor enemy), "al be him loth or lefe" (whether it be disagreeable or agreeable to him), etc.

lieve are used interchangeably in the folios. The latter is not unknown in good writers of recent date. Mätzner quotes Sheridan: "I had as lieve be shot."

134. *Thou wert best.* Another old English idiom, now obsolete. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 3. 12: "Ay, and truly, you were best," etc. The pronoun was originally a dative (*to* you it were best), but came to be regarded as a nominative; as in *if you please*=if it please you (see on 85 above). See Gr. 230, 352, and cf. 190.

136. *Practise.* Use stratagems, plot (Schmidt). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 171: "Have practis'd dangerously against your state." Elsewhere it is followed by *on* or *upon;* as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 398, *Lear*, iii. 2. 57, *Oth.* ii. 1. 319, etc.

140. *Brotherly.* An adverb, as in the only other instances of the word in S.: 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 3. 38, and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 158.

141. *Anatomize.* Used literally (=dissect) in *Lear*, iii. 6. 80; figuratively (as here and in ii. 7. 56 below) in *R. of L.* 1450, *A. W.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

147. *Gamester.* "A frolicsome fellow, a merry rogue" (Schmidt); as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 402 and *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 45. It means a gambler in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 44, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 119, etc.; and a harlot in *A. W.* v. 3. 188 and *Per.* iv. 6. 81.

148. *Than he.* See Gr. 206, and cf. lines 14 and 250 of the next scene.

Coleridge, writing of this passage in 1810, says: "This has always appeared to me one of the most un-Shakspearian speeches in all the genuine works of our poet; yet I should be nothing surprised, and greatly pleased, to find it hereafter a fresh beauty, as has so often happened to me with other supposed defects of great men."

In 1818, he adds: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakspeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily have presented to itself in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant, and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (*sit pro ratione voluntas!*) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."

149. *Full of noble device.* "Of noble conceptions and aims." Wr. adds that in a copy of the fourth folio which formerly belonged to Steevens he has marked these lines as descriptive of Shakespeare himself.

150. *Sorts.* Ranks, classes. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 230:

> "With voices and applause of every sort,
> Patricians and plebeians," etc.

152. *Misprised.* Undervalued, slighted. Cf. i. 2. 164 below, and *A. W.* iii. 2. 33; also the noun *misprision* in *A. W.* ii. 3. 159.

154. *Kindle.* Incite. Cf. *enkindle* in *Macb.* i. 3. 121. *Thither*=thereto. On *go about*=set about, undertake, see *M. N. D.* p. 177.

SCENE II.—The name of Rosalind, here taken by S. from Lodge, was a favourite one with our early poets (Halliwell).

1. *Sweet my coz.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 25: "dear my lord," etc. Gr. 13. *Coz* was the common abbreviation of *cousin*, on the use of which see *Rich. II.* p. 158.

3. *I.* Not in the folios; inserted by Rowe.

5. *Learn.* Teach; but always with the object expressed. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 12: "learn me how to love;" *Cymb.* i. 5. 12: "learn'd me how To make perfumes," etc. Gr. 291.

8. *So.* See on i. 1. 85 above, or Gr. 133; and for *so . . . as*, in 11, Gr. 275.

11. *Tempered.* "Having a certain state or quality, conditioned" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 265:

> "were your days
> As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd," etc.

See also *Hen. V.* p. 156.

14. *Nor none.* For the double negative, so common in S., see Gr. 406. Cf. 23 below.

15. *Like.* Likely, as very often in S. Cf. iv. 1. 63 below.

16. *Perforce.* Here = by force; as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 95, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 121, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 26, etc. Elsewhere it is = of necessity; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 90, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 161, etc.

17. *Render.* Give back. Cf. ii. 5. 25 below; also *M. of V.* iv. 1. 383, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 127, etc.

22. *Withal.* See on i. 1. 121 above.

24. *A pure blush.* A blush and no more (Schmidt and M.); or, perhaps, a blush that has no shame in it (Wr.). *Come off* = get off, escape; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 128, *Cor.* ii. 2. 116, etc.

27. *The good housewife Fortune*, etc. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 15. 44: "That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel." There, as in *Hen. V.* v. i. 85 ("Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?") *housewife* or *huswife* (the latter is the usual spelling in the folio) is used contemptuously = hussy. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 515. J. H. thinks the word has that meaning here. Fortune is represented with a wheel, as Fluelen explains (*Hen. V.* iii. 6. 35), "to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation."

34. *Honest.* Chaste, virtuous; as often. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 107, 136, etc.

35. *Ill-favouredly.* Ill-favoured, ugly. Cf. iii. 5. 53: "ill-favour'd children." Rowe thought it necessary to substitute *ill-favoured* here; but cf. iii. 2. 215: "looks he as freshly," etc. Schmidt (p. 1418) gives many examples of this use of adverbs for adjectives. For *favour* = face, see *J. C.* p. 131; and cf. *Gen.* xxix. 17, xxxix. 6, xli. 2, 3, 4, etc.

36. *From Fortune's office*, etc. "S. constantly harps on the motive powers of human action: nature, destiny, chance, art, custom. In this place, he playfully distinguishes nature from chance; in *W. T.* iv. 3, he argues that the resources of art are themselves gifts of nature:

> 'Nature still is bettered by no mean
> But nature made that mean.'

In *Macb.* i. 3 he shows that destiny can work itself without our help ('if

chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me'), and in *Ham.* iii. 4. 161, he splendidly exhibits the force of custom in 'almost changing the stamp of nature'" (M.).

39. *When Nature*, etc. "True that fortune does not make fair features; but she can mar them by some accident. So nature makes us able to philosophize, chance spoils our grave philosophy by sending us a fool" (M.).

44. *Natural.* Fool, idiot. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 37, and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 96.

47. *Who, perceiving*, etc. The folio reads: "who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall," etc. Malone inserted "and" before *hath;* the reading in the text is that of the 2d and later folios.

M. paraphrases the passage thus: "Or, perhaps, on the other hand, good mother Nature thinks us so dull that she sends us her 'natural' to sharpen our wits."

To reason of=to talk about, discuss. For *of*, see Gr. 174.

49. *Whetstone of the wits.* The title of Robert Recorde's Arithmetic is "The Whetstone of Witte" (M.).

50. *Wit! whither wander you?* "Wit, whither wilt?" (iv. 1. 151) was a proverbial saying; perhaps, as St. suggests, the beginning of some old ballad.

58. *Naught.* Worthless, bad. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. i. 157: "the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught;" *Hen. V.* i. 2. 73: "corrupt and naught," etc. The word in this sense is usually spelled *naught* in the early eds.; but *nought* when it means nothing (Schmidt).

And yet was not the knight forsworn. Boswell quotes the old play of *Damon and Pithias:*

> "I haue taken a wise othe on him: have I not, trow ye,
> To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
> As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the kinge,
> And breke his oth for this never a whit."

Halliwell compares *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 366 fol.

73. *Old Frederick.* The reading of the folios, which, however, assign the following speech to Rosalind. As Frederick was Celia's father (v. 4. 149), some editors have changed *Frederick* to "Ferdinand;" others have given, as we do, the next speech to Celia. The latter seems the simpler way out of the difficulty; and such errors in the names of characters are by no means rare in the early eds.

74. *To honour him enough.* The pointing of the folio. Some eds. follow Hanmer's "to honour him: enough!" but the original reading is quite in the manner of S.

75. *Taxation.* Satire, invective. Cf. *tax*=accuse, inveigh against, in ii. 7. 71, 86 below; also in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 46, *T. and C.* i. 3. 97, *Ham.* i. 4. 18, etc. We still speak of "taxing a person with" anything.

Whipping, as Douce shows, was the usual punishment of fools.

79. *By my troth.* The most common form of the petty oath of which *o' my troth! in troth! good troth!* and the simple *troth!* are variations. For *troth* in its original sense (=truth), cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 36: "to speak troth;" and see notes in our ed. pp. 151, 153.

80. *Was silenced.* "Perhaps referring to some recent inhibition of the players" (Wr.).

84. *Put on us.* Inflict on us, force upon us; or perhaps simply = tell us, as Schmidt and Wr. explain it. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 133, *T. N.* v. 1. 70, *Ham.* i. 3. 94, etc.

90. *Sport! of what colour?* The Coll. MS. gives "Spot!" and Coll. suggests that Celia is ridiculing Le Beau's affected pronunciation of the word; but *colour* may be = kind, as Schmidt makes it. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 145: "a fellow of the self-same colour," etc.

94. *Laid on with a trowel.* This was no doubt a proverbial hit at clumsy or gross flattery; but M. strangely explains it, "well rounded off into a jingle; the lines being pronounced

'As wit and fortune will. Or as
The destinies decree.'"

Schmidt thinks it is "probably = without ceremony."

95, 96. *Rank.* There is a similar play upon the word in *Cymb.* ii. 1. 17 (Schmidt).

97. *Amaze.* Confuse, put me in a maze. Cf. *V. and A.* 684: "a labyrinth to amaze his foes;" *K. John*, iv. 3. 140: "I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way;" *M. for M.* iv. 2. 224: "Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you," etc.

101. *To do.* A common idiomatic use of the infinitive active. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 18: "What 's to do?" etc. Gr. 359. It is still in good use in many phrases; as "a house to let," for which some over-fastidious folk think it necessary to substitute "to be let."

104. *Comes.* The singular verb is often found before two singular subjects (Gr. 336), as well as before a plural subject (Gr. 335); and here we have a combination of the two cases.

106. *Proper.* Comely. See *Mer.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.* Cf. *Heb.* xi. 23.

108. *With bills on their necks.* Farmer and D. would make these words part of the preceding speech, and Coll. favours that arrangement. The *bill* was "a kind of pike or halberd, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen" (Nares). It was also used by foresters. Lodge describes Rosader "with his forrest bill on his necke," that is, on his shoulder. For the play upon *bill*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 191 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 135.

On the whole, we think that the entire speech belongs to Rosalind, and that the main pun, so to speak, is on *presence* and *presents*, though we are not aware that any critic has noticed it. Of course there may be a secondary play on the two senses of *bills*.

111. *Which Charles.* See Gr. 269; and for *that* = *so* that, Gr. 283.

115. *Dole.* Grief. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 283: "What dreadful dole is here!" *Ham.* i. 2. 13: "delight and dole," etc.

125. *Broken music.* Chappell (quoted by Wr.) says: "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'"

For the play upon the expression, cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 263 and *T. and C.* iii. 1. 52.

The use of *see* here has troubled some of the critics. Warb. wished to read "set," and Heath "get;" but, as Johnson remarks, *see* is used colloquially for perception. Cf. *Luke*, xii. 55: "see the south wind blow;" Pope, *Odyssey:* "See from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh," etc. In the present case, we might say that, though Rosalind speaks of seeing "broken music," she has in mind the wrestling.

137. *Looks successfully.* Looks as if he would be successful. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 39: "But freshly looks;" *Temp.* iii. 1. 32: "You look wearily;" *Rich. III.* i. 4. 1: "Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?" etc. See also on 35 above.

138. *Are you crept?* Have you crept? See Gr. 295.

140. *So please you.* See on i. 1. 85 above.

142. *In the men.* The folios have "man," which some editors retain, but it is probably a misprint for "men."

148. *The princess calls.* Theo. changed this to "the princesses call;" Walker, D., and M. take "princess" to be a plural (Gr. 471). Coll. explains the passage thus: "Celia had desired Le Beau to call Orlando to her, and Orlando, seeing two ladies, very naturally answers, 'I attend *them*.'"

157. *Your eyes*, etc. Warb. substituted "our eyes" and "our judgment," as does the Coll. MS.; but the meaning, as Johnson notes, is "if you could use *your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know* yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you."

163. *Misprised.* See on i. 1. 152.

165. *Might.* May. Cf. Gr. 370, 371.

167. *Wherein.* Apparently used, as other relative words sometimes are, before the antecedent clause: Punish me not with your hard thoughts for denying you anything; wherein (in doing which) I confess myself much guilty. Johnson wished to read "therein," and M. Mason "herein." For the reflexive use of *me*, see Gr. 223.

170. *Gracious.* Favoured, acceptable. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 11 (cf. 170 and 429): "gracious in the eyes of Rome;" 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 117: "gracious in the people's eye." Schmidt makes it = happy, fortunate.

173. *Only*, etc. That is, I only fill up, etc. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 6. 2: "Only I say;" *J. C.* v. 4. 12: "Only I yield to die," etc. Gr. 420.

185. *Working.* S. often uses the word of mental operations (Schmidt). Cf. *Sonn.* 93. 11, *M. for M.* ii. 1. 10, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 33, etc.

190. *You mean*, etc. Theo. suggested that *An* should precede this sentence, and M. Mason *if;* but no change is called for. M. remarks that S. seems to have been thinking of 1 *Kings*, xx. 11.

191. *Come your ways.* Cf. ii. 3. 66 and iv. 1. 165 below.

192. *Speed.* Patron, protector. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 194: "Saint Dennis be my speed!" *R. and J.* v. 3. 121: "Saint Francis be my speed!" etc. The word often means good fortune, success; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 139, *W. T.* iii. 2. 146, etc. So the verb often = succeed; as in *A. W.* iii. 7. 44, *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 112, etc. It is also used in wishing success; as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 180: "God speed fair Helena!" etc. See also *Gen.* xxiv. 12 and 2 *John*, 10, 11.

197. *Should down.* A common ellipsis in S. See Gr. 405.

199. *Well-breathed.* In full breath, well started. Schmidt compares the Fr. *mis en haleine.* Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 50: "as swift As breathed stags;" *A. and C.* iii. 13. 178: "I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed;" *L. L. L.* v. 2. 659:.

> "A man so breath'd that certain he would fight: yea
> From morn till night."

209. *Still.* Constantly. Gr. 69.

210. *Shouldst.* We should say "wouldst." Gr. 322.

216. *Calling.* "Appellation; a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word" (Steevens). Elsewhere S. uses it in the modern sense; but (with the exception of *Per.* iv. 2. 43) only of the ecclesiastical profession.

221. *Unto.* In addition to. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 97: "Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee." For *to* in the same sense, see Gr. 185.

225. *At heart.* To the heart. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 202. For the omission of the article, see Gr. 90.

227. *But justly as.* Just as, only as (Caldecott). Hanmer and Steevens omit *all.* The 2d folio has "all in."

229. *This.* A chain; as appears from iii. 2. 169.

Out of suits, etc. Either "turned out of the service of Fortune and stripped of her livery" (Steevens), or "out of her books or graces" (Johnson). "Out of sorts" is an anonymous emendation.

230. *Could.* Could with a good will, would like to. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 131: "The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on."

232. *My better parts.* Caldecott quotes *Macb.* v. 8. 18: "For it hath cow'd my better part of man."

234. *A quintain.* That is, a mere wooden image of a man. The *quintain,* in its simplest form, was an upright post, with a cross-bar turning on a pivot at the top; at one end of this bar was a broad target, at the other a heavy sand-bag. The sport was to ride at full speed at the target, hit it with a lance, and get out of the way before the sand-bag should swing round and strike the tilter on the back. The figure of a Saracen, with a shield on his left arm, and a drawn sabre in his right hand, sometimes took the place of the post with its cross-bar. Running at the quintain is said to have been a favourite sport at country weddings in Oxfordshire as late as the end of the 17th century. According to Halliwell, a quintain is still preserved at Offham, in Kent, the owner of the estate being obliged under some ancient tenure to support it. The same editor quotes Minsheu, *Dict.* 1617: "A quintaine or quintelle, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dick, Hob and Will, strive for the gay garland;" also Randolph, *Poems,* 1642:

> "Foot-ball with us may be with them balloone;
> As they at tilts, so we at quintaine run;
> And those old pastimes relish best with me,
> That have least art, and most simplicitie."

237. *Overthrown more,* etc. Cf. what Celia says in iii. 2. 197: "It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant."

239. *Have with you.* I'll go with you; a common idiom. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 161, 229, 239, iii. 2. 93, *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 151, *Cor.* ii. 1. 286, etc.

241. *Conference.* Conversation; as often. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 229: "the conference was sadly borne," etc. For the measure, see Gr. 494.

243. *Or . . . or.* See Gr. 136.

247. *Condition.* Temper, disposition (Johnson). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint," etc. The word is here a quadrisyllable. See Gr. 479.

248. *Misconstrues.* The folio has "misconsters," the old spelling of the word, which Halliwell and W. retain. So *construe* was spelled and pronounced "conster."

249. *Humorous.* Capricious. Cf. ii. 3. 8 and iv. 1. 18 below. See also *K. John*, iii. 1. 119: "her humorous ladyship" [Fortune], etc.

250. *I.* See on i. 1. 148 above, and cf. iii. 2. 144 below.

253. *Was.* Changed by Halliwell to "were;" but see Gr. 333 and cf. 412.

255. *Smaller.* The folio has "taller;" but cf. i. 3. 113 and iv. 3. 87 below. We adopt Malone's emendation, as nearest to the old text. Cf. Greene, *James IV.:* "my small son." "Shorter," "lower," and "lesser" are other modern readings.

262. *Argument.* Cause, reason. Cf. iii. 1. 3 below; also *M. W.* ii. 2. 256, *T. N.* iii. 3. 12, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 148, etc.

265. *On my life.* A common oath. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 200, *W. T.* v. i. 43, etc. So *O' my life* (*M. W.* i. 1. 40), *by my life* (iv. 1. 143 and v. 2. 65 below), etc.

267. *In a better world.* In better times. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 78: "in this new world" (this new state of things); *T. and C.* iii. 2. 180: "in the world to come" (in coming time, in future generations), etc.

269. *Rest.* Remain. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 152: "rest debtor;" *W. T.* iii. 3. 49: "still rest thine," etc. See also iii. 2. 64 below. On *bounden*, cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 29; and see Gr. 344.

270. *From the smoke*, etc. That is, from bad to worse. *Smother* = "thick and suffocating smoke" (Schmidt).

SCENE III.—11. *My child's father.* That is, him whom I hope to marry. Rowe (2d ed.) changed it to "my father's child," which is approved by Coleridge and H., and adopted by K., D., and Coll., who finds it in the Coll. MS. But, as M. remarks, "S. would have smiled at the emendation." The original reading would undoubtedly be indelicate now, but it was not considered so in the poet's day. Besides, the change is inconsistent with the conduct of the dialogue, in which Rosalind is represented as constantly thinking and speaking of her lover (Halliwell). For a fuller discussion of the subject, see White's *Shakespeare's Scholar.*

12. *This working-day world.* This every-day life of ours. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 55: "but a worky-day fortune."

18. *Hem them away.* Cough them away; as if the "burs" were in her throat or chest (M.). In *cry hem and have him*, there is perhaps a play on *hem* and *him.*

26. *On such a sudden.* Not elsewhere used by S. *On the sudden*

seems to be his favourite phrase, but he uses also *on a sudden* and *of a sudden*. *With*=for. For other peculiar uses of *with*, see Gr. 193, 194.

31. *Chase.* That is, *following* the argument; "alluding, possibly, to the *deer*, quibbling on the word *dearly*" (Halliwell). For a play on *dear* and *deer*, see *V. and A.* 231, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 115, *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, etc.

32. *Dearly.* Heartily. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 43; and see *Temp.* p. 124 (note on *The dear'st o' th' loss*) or *Rich. II.* p. 154.

35. *Deserve well.* Deserve *it* well; that is, to be hated. Rosalind purposely misinterprets the phrase. Theo. wished to read "Why should I hate?" Malone explains it thus: "Celia answers Rosalind, who had desired her *not to hate* Orlando, as if she had said *love* him."

39. *Safest haste.* "The haste which is your best safety" (M.). "Fastest haste" is a stupid suggestion of the Coll. MS.

40. *Cousin.* Niece; as in *T. N.* i. 3. 5, *T. and C.* i. 2. 44, etc. Elsewhere S. uses it for nephew, uncle, brother-in-law, and grandchild; also as a mere complimentary form of address between princes, etc.

41. *If that.* For *that* as "a conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287. Cf. 47 just below.

45. *If with myself*, etc. If I know my own mind.

51. *Purgation.* Exculpation. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 152: "and fair purgation," etc. See also v. 4. 43 below.

61. *My father was no traitor.* "Rosalind's brave spirit will not allow her to defend herself at her father's expense, or to separate her cause from his. There are few passages in S. more instinctively true and noble than this. She had *not* offended her uncle, even in thought, though every one else was doing so. But the least suggestion that her father is a traitor rouses her in arms to defend him" (M.).

62. *Good my liege.* See on i. 2. 1 above.

63. *To think.* As to think. See Gr. 281. *My poverty*=one so poor as I.

65. *Stay'd.* See on i. 1. 7 above.

68. *Remorse.* Pity, compassion. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 20: "mercy and remorse;" *K. John*, iii. 4. 50: "tears of soft remorse," etc. The only meaning of *remorseful* in S. is compassionate, and of *remorseless* (as in our day) pitiless.

69. *That time.* At that time. Wr. quotes *A. and C.* ii. 5. 18:

> "That time—O times!—
> I laugh'd him out of patience."

71. *Still.* See on i. 2. 209 above.

72. *At an instant.* For *an*=one, see Gr. 81.

73. *Juno's swans.* M. says "the swans which draw Juno's chariot;" but we are not aware of any classical authority for this. Her chariot was drawn by peacocks, as S. himself makes it in *Temp.* iv. 1. 73. Wr. suggests that we ought to read "Venus'" here, as Ovid (*Met.* x. 708) represents her as drawn by swans; but S. (*Temp.* iv. 1. 94) describes her as "dove-drawn," which is also in accordance with the old mythology. S. probably wrote "Juno's" here, forgetting or confusing the ancient fables for the moment, as the Rugby master seems to have done above.

76. *Patience.* A trisyllable here. Gr. 479.

79. *Show.* Appear; as often in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 366: "Show'd like two silver doves;" *R. of L.* ded. 5: "my duty would show greater;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 196: "doth then show likest God's," etc. For the thought Wr. compares *A. and C.* ii. 3. 28:

> "Thy lustre thickens
> When he shines by."

85. *Provide yourself.* Prepare yourself, get ready to go. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 7: "We will ourselves provide," etc.

94. *No, hath not?* The pointing of the folio, which seems well enough. Sr. and Halliwell read "no hath not;" and the latter calls it "a singular idiom, found also in other plays, which perhaps would be better understood by the modern reader if printed *no* '*hath not.*'"

95. *Which teacheth thee*, etc. "Which ought to teach you as it has already taught me" (M.). Theo. changed *thee* to "me" and *am* to "are;" but the sense does not require the former change, nor the grammar—that is, Elizabethan grammar—the latter one. Even the learned Ben Jonson could write (*The Fox*, ii. 1) "both it and I am at your service," and (*Cynthia's Revels*, i. 1) "My thoughts and I am for this other element, water." Cf. Gr. 412.

100. *The charge.* The 1st folio has "your change," the other folios "your charge." Sr. proposed *the charge*, which D. and W. adopt. Malone explains "your change" as "your *change* or *reverse of fortune.*"

102. *For, by this heaven*, etc. "By this heaven, or the light of heaven, with its lustre faded in sympathy with our feelings" (Caldecott).

105. *To seek my uncle*, etc. Campbell remarks: "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated! When I think of the lovely Mrs. Jordan in this part, I have no more desire for proofs of probability on this subject (though 'proofs pellucid as the morning dews'), than for 'the cogent logic of a bailiff's writ.'"

108. *Beauty provoketh thieves*, etc. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 393:

> "But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
> Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
> Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
> To save her blossoms and defend her fruit," etc.

112. *Stir.* Excite, rouse. Cf. *W. T.* v. 3. 74: "I am sorry I have thus far stirred you," etc.

113. *Because that.* See on 41 above, or Gr. 287; and for *common*, Gr. 1.

114. *Suit me all points.* Dress myself in all respects. For the omission of the preposition, see Gr. 202.

115. *Curtle-axe.* Cutlass. It is the Fr. *coutelas*, which from the form *courtelas* became corrupted into *curtlass*, *curtlaxe*, and *curtle-axe*. These are but a few of the old spellings, but will serve to show how a sword was gradually turned into an "axe." Spenser (*F. Q.* iv. 2. 42) calls it "curtaxe." *Cutlash* and *cutlace* (Johnson) were later forms. For the derivation of the word, see Wb.

118. *Swashing.* Swaggering, blustering. Cf. *swasher* = braggart, bully, in *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 30. *Swashbuckler* was used in the same sense. Caldecott quotes *Antichrist*, 1550: "Swashing abbottes, which will be called and regarded as princes, and kepe a state, as if they were lordes."

119. *Mannish.* Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 236: "though now our voices Have got the mannish crack;" and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 217: "A woman impudent and mannish grown."

120. *Outface it.* Face it out. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 94: "Scambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys." For the use of *it*, see Gr. 226.

126. *Aliena.* Wr. says, "with the accent on the second syllable;" but surely *Celia* is a trisyllable, as in 65 above, and *Aliena* accented on the penult, as it ought to be.

127. *Assay'd.* Tried, attempted. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 207: "Assays to lead the way," etc.

131. *Woo.* Solicit, gain over. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 4. 28: "Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles;" *T. and C.* iii. 1. 162: "I must woo you To help unarm our Hector," etc.

135. *Go we in content.* The reading of the later folios; the first has "in we." *Content* is a noun, as in iii. 2. 24 below.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Exile.* Accented on the last syllable, as in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 20, 140 (but *éxile* in 13 and 43), v. 3. 211, etc. S. also uses the verb with both accents.

2. *Old custom.* Continued habit.

5. *Here feel we not*, etc. This is the reading of the folios, retained by Caldecott, Halliwell, K., V., and H. Most editors follow Theo. in reading "feel we but." K., following Whiter, thus defends the old text: "We ask, what is 'the penalty of Adam?' All the commentators say, 'the seasons' difference.' On the contrary, it was, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty:

> 'On me the curse aslope
> Glanced on the ground; *with labour I must earn*
> *My bread;* what harm? Idleness had been worse.'

The beautiful passage in Cowper's *Task*, describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader:

'See him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'T is the *primal curse*,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.'

'The seasons' difference,' it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall, and was in no respect a *penalty*. We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested,

'Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam?'

In the first act, Charles the Wrestler, describing the Duke and his comates, says, they 'fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world*.' One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel:

'Oh! happy golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk and honey dropp'd from trees;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.'

The song of Amiens, in the fifth scene of this act, conveys, we think, the same allusion—

'Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets.'

The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from the 'penalty of Adam.' We close, therefore, the sentence at 'Adam.' 'The seasons' difference' is now the antecedent of 'these are counsellors;' the freedom of construction common to Shakespeare and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptation of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, 'The differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am;—as, for example, the winter's wind—which, when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, this is no flattery.' We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the *Paradise Lost*, Adam alludes to 'the seasons' difference,' but in no respect as part of the curse:

'With labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse.
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd.
How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.'"

On the other hand, W., Wr., and M. take the ground that "the seasons' difference" *was* the penalty of Adam. Wr. quotes Bacon, who says that in the golden age of Paradise there was "a spring all the year round;" and M. refers to Milton, *P. L.* x. 668–679.

It is not easy to choose between the two readings, and in such cases our rule is to adhere to the early text. We shall not quarrel with those who prefer the very plausible emendation of Theo.

6. *As.* As for instance, namely. Cf. iv. 3. 141 below. See also *Macb.* v. iii. 25, etc. Gr. 113.

8. *Which.* As to which. See Gr. 272.

13. *Like the toad*, etc. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 138: "venom toads;" *Rich. III.* i. 2. 148: "Never hung poison on a fouler toad," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 228. Halliwell says that a woodcut in *A New Years Gifte to the Pope's Holinesse*, 1579, represents a monk of Swinstead Abbey extracting poison from a toad, with which he poisons King John. The same editor gives many quotations to show that better naturalists than S. believed in the *toad-stone*, the "precious jewel" of the text. Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569, says that "there is founde in the heades of old and great toades, a stone which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the head of a hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone." The Italian physician Camillo, in his *Speculum Lapidum*, describes it by the names of Borax, Nosa, and Crapondinus, and as being found in the brain of a toad just killed. Its virtues are also set forth in Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, 1586, in Topsell's *History of Serpents*, 1608, and by other learned writers of the time. Fuller, in his *Church History*, tells us that "some report that the toad before her death sucks up, if not prevented with sudden reprisal, the precious stone, as yet but a jelly, in her head, grudging mankind the good thereof."

Allusions to the toad-stone are frequent in the literature of that day. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia* (see p. 10 above), says: "As the foule toade hath a faire stone in his head; the fine golde is founde in the filthie earth; the sweete kernell lyeth in the harde shell," etc. Lyly, in his *Euphues*, also says that "the foule toad hath a faire stone in his head." Cf. B. and F., *Monsieur Thomas:*

> "in most physicians' heads
> There is a kind of toadstone bred;"

Ben Jonson, *The Fox:* "His saffron jewel with the toadstone in it," etc.

18. *I would not change it.* The folios make these words the end of the preceding speech, but Upton has been generally followed in transferring them to Amiens. Capell defends the old text.

21. *Go and kill us.* See on i. 1. 68; and for *us*, Gr. 223.

22. *Irks me.* Cf. the *Eton Latin Grammar:* "Taedet, it irketh." See also 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 105: "it irks his heart;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 6: "it irks my very soul." S. uses the word only three times. *Irksome* occurs in iii. 5. 94 below.

Fool is sometimes used as "a term of endearment or pity" (Schmidt). Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 18: "Do not weep, poor fools;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 36: "So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean," etc. Halliwell quotes a poem by Harington, addressed to his wife:

> "Thus then I doe rejoice in that thou grievest.
> And yet, sweet foole, I love thee, thou beleevest."

23. *Burghers.* Citizens. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 10: "Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood." In Sidney's *Arcadia* (quoted by Steevens) deer are called "the wild burgesses of the forest;" and in Drayton's *Polyolbion* the hart is "a burgess of the wood." Malone adds from Lodge's novel,

> "About her wond'ring stood
> The citizens of the wood."

24. *Confines.* For the accent, cf. *Sonn.* 83. 4: "In whose confine immured is the store," etc. S. oftener accents it on the first syllable; as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 272: "Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice," etc. Cf. Gr. 490.

Forked heads. Of arrows. Wr. quotes Ascham, *Toxophilus:* "Commodus the Emperoure vsed forked heades, whose facion Herodaine doeth lyuely and naturally describe, sayinge that they were lyke the shap of a new mone wherwyth he would smite of the heade of a birde and neuer misse."

26. *Jaques.* A dissyllable, as always in S. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 4. 4: "I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;" *Id.* iii. 5. 98: "There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound," etc.

27. *In that kind.* In that way. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 70: "if the prince do solicit you in that kind," etc.

30. *Lay along.* Lay at full length. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 15: "That now on Pompey's basis lies along," etc. See also iii. 2. 225 below.

"Shakspeare," said Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate; but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination. Thus, in *As You Like It*, he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line—

> 'Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out.'

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakspeare, the 'antique' root furnishes the whole picture."

Steevens quotes Gray's *Elegy*, 101:

> "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
> That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
> His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

31. *Antique.* Spelt *antique* or *antick* in the early eds. without regard to the meaning, but always accented on the first syllable. See *Mach.* p. 234.

33. *Sequester'd.* Separated from his companions. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 75: "Why are you sequester'd from all your train?" Here the accent is on the first syllable, as in the noun in *Oth.* iii. 4. 40: "A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer." In *T. and C.* iii. 3. 8, it is accented as in the text.

36. *The wretched animal,* etc. In a marginal note to a similar passage

in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is said that "the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." We find the same idea in Batman, Sidney, and other writers of the time. Malone quotes Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 500:

> "Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
> Successitque gemens stabulis; questuque, cruentus,
> Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit."

39. *Cours'd.* Chased. Cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 21: "We cours'd him at the heels," etc.

41. *The melancholy Jaques.* M. observes: "To furnish a marked contrast to these characters [Orlando, Rosalind, and the Duke]—to assail them one after another with attempts to shake their trust in mankind—to whisper sneers against love and happiness—to suggest that their life, simple though it is, still has the taint of the world upon it—and to patronize enthusiastically such rascalities as accident brings there—is the part assigned to the melancholy Jaques; a character created, with consummate skill, to throw the whole meaning of the play into a clear light, and to bring out the moral lesson conveyed by it. He has been most profligate in his youth; has travelled in Italy, the mother of all iniquities, to gain experience there; and has spent his estate in so doing. He is therefore persuaded that the knowledge of human nature which he has thus gained will be of great service to the world, if it can only be induced to listen. But how instantly and humiliatingly is he put to rout by the three glad hearts that he tries to sour! Orlando absolutely refuses to rail against the world in his company, and reciprocates with a hearty good will, though jocosely, all Jaques' expressions of antipathy to his ways of thinking. Rosalind sarcastically asks him about his travels. What have they done for him? Has he learned to despise home dress and home manners? sold his own lands to see other people's? learned to chide God for making him the countryman he is? And what is this melancholy of which he boasts? Something as bad or worse than the most giddy merriment; something that incapacitates him from action as completely and more permanently than drunkenness. Above all, the Duke tells him, without the slightest reserve, although with perfect good humour, that his gifts as a moralist can do nothing for the world; that his former life unfits him to be a reformer; that if he attempts such a task, he will only corrupt the world by his experience; and to all these buffetings, right hand and left, Jaques replies in a way which shows that he is incapable of understanding their depth of meaning. He escapes from Rosalind and Orlando because he does not like the 'blank verse' they talk; and shirks the admonition of the Duke and all its serious wisdom, by arguing that no one would have a right to be offended by satire of a general character, or need apply it to himself—as if the Duke had been admonishing him to avoid offending others, and not to avoid corrupting others."

For a similar (but earlier) view of Jaques's character, see White's *Shakespeare's Scholar* (New York, 1854) or his *Tale of the Forest of Arden* in the *Galaxy* for April, 1875. In the latter he remarks: "What Jaques called melancholy was what we now call cynicism—a sullen,

scoffing, snarling spirit. And this Jaques had. He was simply a cynic, and a very bitter one. . . . He was one of those men who believe in nothing good, and who, as the reason of their lack of faith in human nature and of hope of human happiness, and their want of charity, tell us that they have seen the world. . . . In brief, Jaques was Falstaff, without his fat and his humour."

See also Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*, trans. by Miss Bunnett, revised ed. (1875), p. 393 fol.*

42. *Th' extremest verge.* The very edge. S. accents *extreme* on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10 (Schmidt). *Extremest*, which he uses often, has the modern accent. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 138, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 47, etc.

44. *Moralize.* Moralize upon, draw a moral from. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 81: "I pray thee, moralize them," etc.

46. *Into.* Changed by Pope to "in." Cf. Gr. 159.

Needless. Not needing it. Cf. *careless* = uncared for (*Macb.* i. 4. 11), *sightless* = unseen (*Macb.* i. 7. 23), etc. Gr. 4. Steevens quotes *L. C.* 38–40 and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 8.

49. *Being there.* As to his being there.

50. *Of.* By. Gr. 170. *Velvet* = "sleek and prosperous" (Wr.), or "soft, delicate" (Schmidt). The folios have "friend," which Halliwell, K., and V. retain.

52. *Flux.* Flow, confluence. S. uses the word only here and in iii. 2. 63 below.

57. *Bankrupt.* M. remarks: "A few dates will show the painful reality of this simile to S. His own father had been bankrupt at Strat-

* On the other hand, Hudson (*Shakespeare's Life, Art, and Characters*, 1872, vol. i. p. 343) says: "Jaques is, I believe, an universal favourite, as indeed he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. . . . Shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character, he represents the abstract and sum-total of an utterly useless yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle. . . . On the whole, if in Touchstone there is much of the philosopher in the fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that the German critic, Ulrici, is not so wide of the mark in calling them 'two fools.'"

Ulrici (*Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*, trans. from the 3d. ed. by L. D. Schmitz, 1876, vol. ii. p. 18) says: "The melancholy Jaques is not the fool by profession, he appears rather to be simply a comic character *par excellence*; but his meditative superficiality, his witty sentimentality, his merry sadness, have taken so complete a hold of his nature, that it seems to contradict itself, and therefore upon a closer examination distinctly bears the impress of folly, although it certainly is an original kind of folly."

Dowden (see p. 20 above) remarks: "The melancholy of Jaques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humour, a petted foible of character, melancholy prepense and cultivated. . . . Jaques died, we know not how or when or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman; we need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Lawrence Sterne. . . . His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal; a curiosity of dainty mockery. To him 'all the world 's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;' to him sentiment stands in place of passion; an æsthetic, amateurish experience of various modes of life stands in place of practical wisdom; and words in place of deeds. . . . The world, not as it is, but as it mirrors itself in his own mind, which gives to each object a humorous distortion; this is what alone interests Jaques. Shakspere would say to us, 'This egotistic, contemplative, unreal manner of teaching life is only a delicate kind of foolery. Real knowledge of life can never be acquired by the curious seeker for experiences.' But this Shakspere says in his non-hortatory, undogmatic way."

ford. From 1579 he had been 'warned,' and had ceased to attend the market. In 1586 he was superseded in his position as alderman; and in 1592 it is mentioned that he 'coome not to churche for feare of processe for debt.'"

59. *The country.* The article is omitted in the 1st folio, but inserted in the 2d. *The body* = "the whole system" (M.).

62. *Up.* Often used, as now, to "impart to verbs the sense of completion" (Schmidt). Cf. "dries up" (*V. and A.* 756), "burnt up" (*Temp.* iii. 1. 17), "mould up" (*Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 27), "poisons up" (*L. L. L.* iv. 3. 305), etc. Caldecott quotes Robinson's trans. of More's *Utopia:* "olde age kylleth them vp;" and Ascham, *Toxophilus:* "were quyte slayne vp."

67. *Cope.* Encounter. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 78: "to cope malicious censurers;" *V. and A.* 888: "who shall cope him first?" etc.

68. *Matter.* Good sense. Cf. *Much Ado,* ii. 1. 344: "all mirth and no matter;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 95: "more matter with less art," etc.

SCENE II.—3. *Are of consent and sufferance.* That is, have connived at it and allowed it. M. says: "This is a quasi-legal term, applied to a landlord who takes no steps to eject a tenant whose time is expired."

7. *Untreasur'd.* Used by S. only here; and *treasure* (=enrich) only in *Sonn.* 6. 3.

8. *Roynish.* Scurvy, mean (Fr. *rogneux*). Cf. *ronyon* (*Mach.* i. 3. 6 and *M. W.* iv. 2. 195), which has the same origin.

13. *Parts.* Gifts, qualities; as in i. 1. 131 above. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 118: "I thy parts admire," etc. *Graces* = attractions. Cf. *Sonn.* 103. 12: "your graces and your gifts." *Wrestler* is here a trisyllable. See Gr. 477.

17. *Brother.* M. Mason suggested "brother's," since *the gallant* is Orlando.

19. *Suddenly.* Quickly. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 1. 6: "Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly." See also ii. 4. 95 below.

20. *Inquisition.* Inquiry; as in the only other instance of the word in S. (*Temp.* i. 2. 35). *Quail* = flag, slacken.

SCENE III.—3. *Memory.* Memorial, reminder. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 77:

> "a good memory
> And witness of the malice and displeasur
> Which thou shouldst bear me."

4. *What make you here?* Cf. i. 1. 26 and iii. 2. 206.

7. *So fond,* etc. So foolish as. Gr. 281. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 9:

> "I do wonder,
> Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
> To come abroad with him at his request."

On *fond,* see *Mer.* p. 152.

8. *The bonny priser.* The gallant prize-fighter. The 1st folio has "bonnie," the later folios "bonny." Warb. changed it to "bony" (=big-boned, sturdy), but S. does not use the word elsewhere, and it is doubtful whether it had that sense in his day. He has *bonny* several times = blithe, and once (2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 12: "the bonny beast he lov'd so well")

with quite the same force as here. *Priser*, or *prizer*, he uses only here and in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 56, where it is=appraiser. For *humorous* see on i. 2. 249.

12. *No more do yours.* Schmidt makes *no more*=as much, and adds that "we should expect *no less*." He finds a parallel instance in the troublesome passage in *A. W.* i. 3. 170: "I care no more for than I do for heaven," etc. It is really to be classed, we think, with the many peculiar cases of "double negative" which he discusses in his Appendix, p. 1420; such as *V. and A.* 478: "To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd" (where *marr'd*—we should say *made*—duplicates the idea in *hurt*); *M. of V.* iv. 1. 162: "Let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation" (either=no motive to let him lack, or=no impediment to let him have); *Cymb.* i. 4. 23: "a beggar without less quality" (="with less," or "without more," both of which have been proposed as emendations), etc. In the present passage *but as enemies*=nothing else than enemies, and *No more do yours* is an emphatic reiteration of the implied negative.

There are other passages, as Schmidt has noted, in which "a negative seems to be wanting, as being borne in mind, though not expressed;" as iii. 2. 27 below: "he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding" (that is, of not having had good breeding), etc. See also on ii. 4. 70 below.

15. *Envenoms.* Poisons. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 63, *Ham.* iv. 7. 104, etc. There may be an allusion to the poisoned garment and diadem which Medea sent to Creusa, or the poisoned tunic of Hercules (Wr.).

17. *Within.* Capell would read "beneath;" but D. compares Chapman, *Odyss.* xiv. 279: "Within your roofe;" and Wr. quotes B. and F., *Love's Pilgrimage*, iv. 1: "Enter my roof."

23. *Use.* Are accustomed. We still use the past tense of the verb in this sense, but not the present. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 175: "they always use to laugh at nothing;" *T. N.* ii. 5. 104: "with which she uses to seal;" *A. and C.* ii. 5. 32: "we use To say the dead are well," etc. See also Milton, *Lycidas*, 67: "Were it not better done, as others use," etc.

26. *Practices.* Plottings. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 90: "the practices of France;" *Id.* ii. 2. 144: "And God acquit them of their practices!" etc.

27. *Place.* That is, "place for you" (M. Mason). Cf. Fletcher, *Mad Lover*, i. 2:

> "*Memnon.* Why were there not such women in the camp then
> Prepar'd to make me know 'em?
> *Eumenes.* 'T was no place, sir."

Or, perhaps, *place*=dwelling-place, residence; as Schmidt explains it. Cf. *L. C.* 82: "Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;" *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 69: "Did Julius Cæsar build that place [the Tower], my lord?" So "Crosby Place" (the quarto reading in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 213, etc.)= Crosby House; "Eltham Place" (1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 156)=Eltham House, etc.

Butchery here=slaughter-house; elsewhere (as in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 54, 100, etc.)=slaughter.

36. *Subject.* Wr. remarks: "with the accent on the last syllable, as

in *Temp.* i. 2. 114." This is the modern pronunciation of the verb, at least in this country; and it is the only one in S. See *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 176 and *K. John*, i. 1. 264, which are the only other instances.

37. *Diverted blood.* Alienated or perverted relationship. The Coll. MS. has "a diverted, proud, and bloody brother," but Coll. does not put it in his text.

39. *The thrifty hire I saved.* That is, the wages which I was thrifty in saving. The adjective is proleptic, as in ii. 7. 132: "two weak evils." Cf. also *Macb.* i. 3. 84: "the insane root;" *Id.* iii. 4. 76: "the gentle weal," etc.

42. *Thrown.* For the ellipsis of the auxiliary, see Gr. 403. "Be lame" has been suggested to obviate the irregularity in construction, but no change is called for.

43, 44. Cf. *Job* xxxviii. 41, *Psalms* lxxxiv. 3, cxlvii. 9, *Matt.* x. 29, and *Luke* xii. 6, 24.

49. *In my blood.* "These words seem by a kind of zeugma to belong both to the verb *apply* and to the adjectives *hot* and *rebellious*" (M.). Capell wished to read "to my blood."

50. *Nor did not.* Cf. ii. 4. 8 below. Gr. 406. *Unbashful*=shameless. *Woo the means*=seek pleasures that are the cause.

57. *Constant.* Faithful. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 5: "Constant loyalty;" *Cymb.* i. 5. 75:

> "a sly and constant knave,
> Not to be shak'd," etc.

For *service* the Coll. MS. substitutes "favour;" and somebody has suggested "servants" for *service* in the next line. No change is necessary. Cf. the repetition of *sweat* and *having* in the context, and many similar repetitions elsewhere in S.

58. *Sweat.* Past tense; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 205, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 33, etc. It is also used for the participle; as in *T. of A.* iii. 2. 28. Cf. Gr. 341.

60. *Promotion.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 247, and cf. i. 3. 76.

61. *And having*, etc. "Even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished" (Johnson).

63. *A rotten tree.* M. remarks here: "Orlando *says* melancholy things, as in i. 2; but his elastic mind rises instantly from such thoughts; and in a few moments he anticipates 'some settled low content.' A fine instance of the same manly temper is found in *Iliad* vi., where Hector at one moment dwells sorrowfully on his wife's inevitable doom of slavery at Argos (447–465), and the next thinks of her as a joyful Trojan mother welcoming back her victorious son (476–481)."

65. *In lieu of.* In return for; the only meaning in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 130, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 410, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 255, etc.

66. *Come thy ways.* See on i. 2. 191 above.

68. *Some settled low content.* Some place where we may get a humble living and settle down contented; a good example of Shakespearian condensation of language.

71. *Seventeen.* The folios have "seauentie" or "seventy," which Rowe corrected.

74. *Too late a week.* Probably a proverbial phrase, like a "day too late

for the fair." Wr. thinks that *a week* may be = "i' the week." Cf. *a-night*, ii. 4. 44 below.

SCENE IV.—1. *Weary.* The folios have "merry," which was corrected by Theo. Whiter and Halliwell retain "merry," on the ground that Rosalind is trying to comfort Celia by an assumed cheerfulness.

4. *I could find in my heart.* I am almost inclined. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 16: "I could find in my heart to stay here;" *A. W.* ii. 5. 13: "I cannot yet find in my heart to repent," etc. In *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 24 it is "find *it* in my heart."

5. *The weaker vessel.* Cf. 1 *Pet.* iii. 7.

6. *Doublet and hose.* Coat and breeches. According to Fairholt (*Costume in England*, quoted by Wr.) the *doublet* was so called from "being made of double stuff padded between. . . . The doublet was close, and fitted tightly to the body; the skirts reaching a little below the girdle." The same writer says of *hose*, "This word, now applied solely to the stocking, was originally used to imply the breeches or chausses."

9. *I had rather.* Good old English, like *had as lief*, etc. See on i. 1. 133 above, or *Mer.* p. 132.

For the play on *bear* and *bear with*, cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 125 and *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 128.

10. *Bear no cross.* The old English penny was called a *cross* from bearing the impress of one. For the play upon the word, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 253. Halliwell quotes Heywood, *Epigrammes:*

> "It will make a cross on this gate, yea crosse no;
> Thy crosses be on thy gates all, in thy purse no."

16. *Look you.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 132, etc. In *W. T.* iii. 3. 116 we have "look thee" (Gr. 212). Some eds. point "who comes here?"

17. *Solemn talk.* Earnest or serious conversation. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 227, etc.

27. *Fantasy.* Love; like *fancy* (cf. iii. 5. 29 and v. 4. 145), which is only a contracted form of the same word. It occurs again in the same sense in v. 2. 87 below.

34. *Wearing.* The reading of the 1st folio; the later ones have "Wearying," which means the same. Cf. *A. W.* v. 1. 4: "To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs." Whiter quotes Ben Jonson, *Masque of the Gypsies:* "Only time and ears out-wearing." W. prints "wear'ing."

36. *Broke.* Cf. *spoke* in 1. 1. 78. Gr. 343.

40. *Searching of.* In searching of, or a-searching of. See Gr. 178.

41. *By hard adventure.* By bad luck, unfortunately.

44. *A-night.* By night. Gr. 24. Cf. Chaucer, *Legende of Goode Women*, 1473:

> "yf that any straunge wyghte
> With tempest thider were yblow anyghte."

45. *Batlet.* The small *bat* used for beating clothes while washing them. The 1st folio has "batler," which has the same meaning, and is retained by Halliwell, V., and W.

Chopt = chapped. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 246: "their chopt hands," etc. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.:* "Crevasser. To chop, chawne, chap, chinke, riue, or cleaue asunder."

46. *Peascod.* Pea-pod. It was often used in rustic divination of love affairs. Mr. Davy, speaking of Suffolk, says: "The kitchen-maid, when she shells green pease, never omits, if she finds one having nine pease, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart." "Winter-time for shoeing, peascod time for wooing" is an old Devonshire proverb. Halliwell quotes Gay:

> "As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
> One that was closely fil'd with three times three;
> Which, when cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
> And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
> The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in
> But, in his proper person, —— Lubberkin."

Cf. Browne, *Brittania's Pastorals:*

> "The peascod greene oft with no little toyle
> Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile,
> And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
> And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her."

47. *Two cods.* Johnson suggested "two peas," but *cods* or *peascods* seems sometimes to have been used for peas. Cf. B. and F., *Honest Man's Fortune:* "Shall feed on delicates, the first peascods, strawberries."

48. *Weeping tears.* This ridiculous expression occurs in Lodge's novel, and also in the old play of *The Victories of King Henry V.*, Peele's *Jests*, etc. (Steevens).

50. *Mortal in folly.* Mortally foolish. *Mortal* = very, great, is used in various English dialects. Schmidt thinks it may here mean "human, resembling man."

52. *Wiser.* More wisely. Gr. 1. *Ware* = aware, but not a contraction of that word, as most modern eds. make it. It is uniformly printed "ware" in the folio. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 162, note on *Longing.*

53. *Till I break,* etc. "Till I find to my cost the truth of some of my own aphorisms" (M.).

55. *Jove, Jove!* The Coll. MS. gives "Love, Love!"

56. *Upon my fashion.* After my fashion; as in i. 1. 1. Schmidt compares Lyly, *Euphues:* "he returned them a salute on this manner;" and Greene, *Pandosto:* "began to parley with her on this manner."

59. *Yond.* Not a contraction of *yonder*, as often printed. See *Temp.* p. 121 or *J. C.* p. 134.

66. *Love or gold.* Cf. the proverbial phrase, "for love or money."

69. *Much oppressed.* As Abbott remarks (Gr. 403), there is an ellipsis of "who is" here, or of "she" before *faints.* The latter is the more probable.

70. *Faints for succour.* That is, for want of succour. Schmidt puts this among the cases in which a negative seems to be wanting (see on ii. 3. 12 above); like "dead for breath" (*Mach.* 1. 5. 37), "to sink for food" (*Cymb.* iii. 6. 17), etc. In *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 136, "for catching cold" = for fear of catching cold. Cf. Gr. 154.

74. *That I graze.* Of the sheep that I feed.

76. *Little recks.* Little cares. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 40: "recking as

little what betideth me." See also *V. and A.* 283, etc. Halliwell has "wreaks," the folio spelling.

78. *Cote.* Cottage (cf. 87 below). So *sheepcote* in next line and in iv. 3. 77. See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 808, etc.

Bounds of feed=limits of pasturage, pastures.

82. *In my voice.* In my name, so far as I am concerned. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 185: "Implore her in my voice," etc.

83. *What is he?* Who is he? Cf. ii. 7. 79 below. See Gr. 254; and on *shall*, Gr. 315.

84. *But erewhile.* Just now. Cf. iii. 5. 104 below. See also *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 99 and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 274.

86. *If it stand with honesty.* If it is consistent with honesty; that is, with the understanding you have with Silvius. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 91, etc.

90. *Waste.* Spend. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 12, *Temp.* v. 1. 302, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 57, etc. See also Milton, *Sonn. to Mr. Lawrence*, 4: "Help waste a sullen day."

94. *Feeder.* Shepherd, the feeder of your flocks. Wr. makes it = servant, and compares *A. and C.* iii. 13. 109 (where Schmidt explains it as "parasite").

SCENE V.—3. *Turn.* Pope substituted "tune," but the editors generally retain the original reading. Sr. quotes Hall, *Satires*, vi. 1: "While threadbare Martial turns his merry note;" but Coll. thinks this is only justifying one misprint by another. Pope's emendation is favoured by *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 5:

> "And to the nightingale's complaining notes
> Tune my distresses and record my woes."

But, as Wr. remarks, "*to turn his merry note* may mean adapt or modulate his note to the sweet birds' song, following it in its changes." Whiter says that "*to turn a tune*, in the counties of York and Durham, is the appropriate and familiar phrase for modulating the voice properly according to the *turns* or air of the tune."

5. *Come hither.* Let him come hither. Gr. 364.

6. *Here shall he see*, etc. Cf. ii. 1. 6 fol.

12. *As a weasel sucks eggs.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 170:

> "For once the eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs."

14. *Ragged.* Rough. Rowe substituted "rugged," but S. elsewhere uses *ragged* where we should use *rugged*. Cf. *R. of L.* 892: "Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;" *Sonn.* 6. 1: "winter's ragged hand," etc. Steevens quotes Nash, *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "his ragged verses."

16. *Stanzo.* The folio reading. M. thinks that the word is "spoiled on purpose in contempt for foreigners."

23. *The encounter*, etc. The grinning of two monkeys at each other. Bartholomæus says of apes: "some be call *cenophe;* and be lyke to an hounde in the face, and in the body lyke to an ape." Maplett, in his *Green Forest, or a Natural History*, 1567, speaks of five kinds of apes, one of which "is not much unlike our dog in figure or shew." The ref-

erence here, as in S., is probably to the dog-faced baboon, the *Simia hamadryas* of Linnæus.

25. *The beggarly thanks.* "The professionally benedictive thanks of a beggar" (M.).

28. *Cover the while.* Spread the table in the meantime. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 57, 65, and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 11. For *the while*, see *Temp.* iii. 1. 24, *Macb.* ii. 1. 29, etc. Gr. 137.

30. *To look you.* To look for you. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 115: "I must go look my twigs," etc. Gr. 200.

32. *Disputable.* Disputatious. For other examples of adjectives in *-able* used actively, see Gr. 3.

33. *I give heaven thanks*, etc. A proverbial expression. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 19: "Why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it."

36. *To live i' the sun.* That is, "a life of open-air freedom" (Wr.) or of "careless idleness" (Schmidt). The 4th folio has "lye" for *live.*

44. *In despite of my invention.* "As imagination would do nothing for me, I spited it by the following choice composition" (M.). *To this note* = to the same tune.

51. *Ducdame.* A word on which the commentators have wasted much ink, without giving a satisfactory answer to the question of Amiens, "What 's that *ducdame?*" It is probably mere nonsense coined for the occasion. Hanmer substituted "*duc ad me*" (supposed to be Latin for "bring him to me"), which W. thinks should be adopted "from the relation which the line bears to the corresponding one in the other stanzas." "*Huc ad me*" has been suggested on the same grounds; but we need not suppose that anything more than a metrical correspondence was intended. *Ducdame*, as Halliwell thinks, may be the burden of some old song.

54. *To me.* Farmer suggested "to Ami," which, as Wr. remarks, "secures a rhyme at the expense of the metre."

56. *To call fools into a circle.* M. adds, "for the purpose of etymologically and linguistically investigating the meaning of *ducdame;*" which is a fair hit at the commentators, one of whom (followed by several others) seriously argues that the word is "manifestly" the call of the *dame*, or housewife, to her *ducks!* "The answer of Jaques," he says, "plainly points out that the expression was intended for a certain cry to collect together some silly species of animals."

57. *Go sleep.* See on i. 1. 68. *The first-born of Egypt*, according to Johnson, is "a proverbial expression for high-born persons," but no other example of it has been pointed out. Perhaps, as Nares suggests, "Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented people, rail against his betters."

58. *Banquet.* Probably here = dinner, feast; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 178. It sometimes meant only the dessert; as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 9:

> "My banquet is to close our stomachs up
> After our great good cheer."

Wr. quotes Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1:

> "We 'll dine in the great room, but let the music
> And banquet be prepared here."

SCENE VI.—1. *For food.* That is, for want of it. See on ii. 4. 70 above.

2. *Here lie I down*, etc. Steevens quotes *R. and J.* iii. 3. 70:

> "And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
> Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

5. *Comfort.* That is, comfort thyself; or it may be = take comfort, be comforted.

6. *Uncouth.* Unknown, strange; its original sense. Cf. *R. of L.* 1598: "What uncouth ill event Hath thee befallen?" *T. A.* ii. 3. 211: "I am surprised with an uncouth fear." S. uses the word only three times. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 15: "as that uncouth light upon them shone;" *Id.* iii. 10. 34: "many an uncouth way," etc. So Milton, *P. L.* ii. 406:

> "And through the palpable obscure find out
> His uncouth way."

7. *Thy conceit*, etc. "You conceive yourself nearer to death and weaker than you are" (M.). *Conceit* often = conception, idea, thought, etc. Wr. quotes here *Ham.* iii. 4. 114: "Conceit (that is, fancy or imagination) in weakest bodies strongest works."

10. *Presently.* Immediately. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 42, v. 1. 101, etc. Gr. 59.

12. *Well said!* "Well spoken and to the purpose" (Schmidt). He congratulates himself that his words make Adam "look cheerly." Wr. explains it as = "Well done!" and compares 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 75.

Thou lookest cheerly. That is, cheerily, cheerfully. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 223: "Prithee, man, look cheerly!" etc. See also ii. 7. 11 below.

SCENE VII.—1. *I think he be.* For the subjunctive, see Gr. 299.

3. *But even now.* But just now. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 232, etc. Gr. 38.

4. *Hearing of.* See on ii. 4. 40. Gr. 178.

5. *Compact of jars.* All made up of discords. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 8: "of imagination all compact," etc. Steevens quotes *Tamburlane*, 1590: "Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil."

6. *The spheres.* An allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 121, *M. of V.* v. 1. 60, *A. and C.* v. 2. 84, etc. See also Milton, *Hymn on Nativity*, 125–132, etc.

13. *Motley.* The parti-coloured dress of the professional fool. The word is used as a noun (= fool) in *Sonn.* 110. 2, and in iii. 3. 69 below.

A miserable world! "Where this is one's best amusement" (M). Warb. suggested "varlet" for *world.*

16. *Rail'd on.* S. uses *on* or *upon* after *rail* oftener than *at.* *Against* is sometimes the preposition; as in ii. 5. 57 and iii. 2. 262 of the present play.

Lady Fortune. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 51: "O Lady Fortune!" *Temp.* i. 2. 178: "bountiful Fortune, Now my dear lady," etc. See also on i. 2. 27.

19. *Call me not fool*, etc. An allusion to the old proverb, *Fortuna favet fatuis* (Upton). Halliwell quotes Ray, *Eng. Proverbs:* "Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck." Cf. B. J., *Alchemist*, prol.: "Fortune, that favours fooles," etc.

20. *A dial.* This in the time of S. might mean either a watch or a portable sun-dial, and it is doubtful which is intended here. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 6: "my dial goes not true," etc.

Poke=pouch, pocket. We still use the word in the proverb, "to buy a pig in a poke." *Pocket* is a diminutive of it.

26. *Ripe.* Ripen; as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 40: "the very riping of the time." Schmidt and Wr. make it a verb in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 118 ("till now ripe not to reason"), where it seems to us very plainly an adjective. It is used transitively in *K. John*, ii. 1. 472: "no sun to ripe the bloom;" and in *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 13: "to ripe his growing fortunes."

29. *Moral.* Moralize. Schmidt considers it "probably an adjective;" as it is (=moralizing) in *Lear*, iv. 2. 58: "a moral fool."

30. *Crow.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 28: "You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock." See also *T. N.* i. 5. 95.

31. *Deep-contemplative.* For compound adjectives in S. see Gr. 2.

32. *Sans.* Cf. 166 below. See also *Temp.* i. 2. 97, *L. L. L.* v. 1. 91, etc. It was much used by the writers of the time, and appears to have been viewed as an English word. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) translates *sans* by "sanse, without, besides;" and Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) gives "sans" as an English equivalent for *senza*.

34. *The only wear.* The only thing to wear, the only dress in fashion. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 327: "Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a;" *M. for M.* iii. 2. 78: "it is not the wear," etc. Steevens quotes Donne, *Satire* iv. 86: "Your only wearing is your grogaram."

39. *Dry*, etc. Boswell quotes B. J., *Every Man Out of his Humour*, ind.:

> "And now and then breaks a dry biscuit jest,
> Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
> He steeps in his own laughter."

40. *Strange places.* Odd corners. Wr. explains *places* as "topics or subjects of discourse," but this does not suit so well with *cramm'd*.

44. *Suit.* For the play on the word cf. iv. 1. 78 below. See also *1 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 81.

48. *As the wind.* That "bloweth where it listeth" (*John*, iii. 8). Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 253: "Speak frankly as the wind;" *Cor.* i. 9. 89: "as free as is the wind;" and *Hen. V.* i. 1. 48: "The air, a charter'd libertine."

52. *As plain as way*, etc. "When the spire is in full view" (M.).

53–57. *He that*, etc. In the folio the passage reads thus:

> "Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
> Doth very foolishly, although he smart
> Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
> The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
> Euen by the squandring glances of the foole."

Theo. made 55 read "Not to seem," etc.; and Coll., following the Coll. MS., "But to seem," etc. The meaning is essentially the same, but the latter seems the more Shakespearian expression. The sense then is: He whom a fool happens to hit well is very foolish unless he appears not to feel the rap; otherwise his folly is laid bare even by the random sallies of the fool.

Whiter would retain the folio reading, pointing it thus:

> "Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
> Seem senseless of the bob;"

that is, a wise man, "though he should be weak enough really to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke." But the inversion in "very foolishly although he smart" is awkward; and, besides, the imperfect measure indicates that something has been lost from the text.

For another defence of the original reading, see Dr. Ingleby's *Still Lion*, p. 79 (or his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 81); and for a good reply to the same, see the C. P. ed. of *A. Y. L.* p. 116. Dr. I. admits that something seems to have dropped out of the text, and suggests that it may have read originally "If *he do* not," etc.

For *senseless*=insensible, cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 135: "I am senseless of your wrath," etc. *Bob*=rap, hit, is not found elsewhere in S., but we have the verb (=beat, drub) in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 334 and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 76. For *anatomize*=lay open, disclose, cf. i. 1. 141 above. *Squander* is used by S. only here and in *M. of V.* i. 3. 22: "other ventures he hath, squandered abroad;" that is, scattered abroad. In *Oth.* iii. 3. 151 ("his scattering and unsure observance") *scattering* is used much like *squandering* here.

63. *For a counter.* "I bet a penny on it" (M.). A *counter* was "a round piece of metal used in calculations" (Schmidt). It is used contemptuously for coins in *J. C.* iv. 3. 80: "such rascal counters."

66. *The brutish sting.* Animal passion. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 59: "The wanton stings and motions of the sense; and *Oth.* i. 3. 335: "our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

67. *Embossed.* Tumid; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 227: "an embossed carbuncle." *Headed*=grown to a head. In the only other instance of the verb in S. (*M. for M.* ii. 1. 250: "it is but heading and hanging") it means to behead.

70. *Why, who cries out*, etc. "Chide as I will, why should I *offend* them? Who can say that I mean *him?* Jaques appears either wilfully or through shallowness to miss the deep wisdom of the Duke's saying, and the whole character of his admonition. The Duke had not said that Jaques would *offend* people, but that he would *corrupt* them" (M.).

71. *Tax.* Censure. See on i. 2. 75, and cf. 86 below. *Private*="particular, opposed to general" (Schmidt); as in *Sonn.* 9. 7: "every private widow."

73. *The wearer's very means.* The folio has "wearie verie meanes," which Halliwell and V. retain. Pope changed it to "very very." The Coll. MS. has "the very means of wear." The emendation in the text is due to Sr., and is adopted by K., D., W., and Wr. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 83:

> "O, many
> Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
> For this great journey."

75. *When that.* See on i. 3. 4[7]. Gr. 287.

76. *The cost of princes*, etc. Wr. quotes 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 83: "She bears a duke's revenues on her back."

77. *Come in.* "Intervene" (Schmidt); as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 31.

79. *Of basest function.* "Holding the meanest office" (Wr.).

80. *Bravery.* Finery. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 57: "With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery." See also Spenser, *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 857: "Which oft maintain'd his master's braverie" (that is, dressed as well as his master). Cf. also *brave*=fine, beautiful; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 6, 411, iii. 2. 104, 111, 113, v. 183, 261, etc.

On my cost. At my expense. Both the Camb. ed. and Wr. misprint "of my cost." Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 25: "doth feed upon my cost."

82. *Mettle.* Substance, purport. The early eds. make no distinction between *metal* and *mettle*. See *Rich. II.* p. 157.

83. *How then? what then?* "Let us understand one another thoroughly" (M.).

84. *Do him right.* Give him his due, do him justice; as in *M. for M.* ii. 2. 103, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 138, and many other passages.

85. *Free.* Innocent; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 251, *Ham.* ii. 2. 590, *Oth.* ii. 3. 343, etc.

88. *Eat.* S. uses both *eat* and *eaten* for the participle, and the former regularly (so far as the early eds. show) for the past tense. See Gr. 343 and *Rich. II.* p. 204.

90. *Of what kind*, etc. Of what race, etc. On the double preposition, cf. 139 below. See also *A. W.* i. 2. 29, *T. and C.* v. 1. 63, *Cor.* ii. 1. 18, etc. Gr. 407.

91. *Boldened.* Not a contraction of *emboldened*, as sometimes printed. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 55. *Bold* is used as a verb in the same sense in *Lear*, v. 1. 26.

94. *Vein.* Disposition, temper. *At first* refers of course to 91.

96. *Inland bred.* Brought up in the interior of the country, as opposed to the less populous and less cultivated frontiers; or "perhaps opposed to mountainous districts as the seats of savage barbarousness" (Schmidt). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 119: "inland petty spirits;" that is, as Schmidt explains it, "given till then to the arts of peace." See also iii. 2. 323 below.

97. *Nurture.* Culture, good-breeding. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 189. So *ill-nurtured*=ill-bred in *V. and A.* 134 and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 42.

99. *Answered.* Satisfied; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 1, etc.

100. *Reason.* St. would read "reasons," on the ground that there may be a poor pun on *raisins*.

102. *Your gentleness*, etc. M. remarks: "This reciprocal inversion of subject and predicate was called by the Greeks χιασμός [from the letter χ]; the two subjects being at the left-hand points of the χ, and the two predicates at the right-hand points, and each subject linking itself with its predicate along the oblique lines (ἡ κατὰ διάμετρον σύζευξις, as Aristotle calls it)."

104. *For food.* See on ii. 4. 70 above. For *and*=and so, and therefore, Wr. compares *Temp.* i. 2. 186. See also Gr. 100.

109. *Commandment.* Command. Wr. quotes Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 8. 3: "We see the dignity of the commandment is according to the dignity of the commanded: to have commandment over beasts, as herdmen

have, is a thing contemptible: to have commandment over children, as schoolmasters have, is a matter of small honour: to have commandment over galley-slaves is a disparagement rather than an honour."

110. *Inaccessible.* Hard of access, "almost inaccessible" (*Temp.* ii. 1. 37).

114. *Knoll'd.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 8. 50 and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 103. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) translates *carilloner* by "To chyme, or knowle, bells" (Wr.). Halliwell cites Twyne's *Discourse concerning Earthquakes*, 1580: "the very shakinge caused the belles in some steeples to knoll a stroake or twaine."

118. *Enforcement.* Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 107: "by what rough enforcement You got it," etc.

120. *True is it*, etc. "A fine instance of epanadiplosis, each clause of Orlando's adjuration being repeated by the Duke with exquisite variation" (M.).

125. *Upon command.* At your will or pleasure.

128. *Whiles.* Cf. v. 4. 5, 132 below; also *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 374, etc. Gr. 137. On *like a doe*, cf. *V. and A.* 875.

131. *Suffic'd.* Satisfied. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 191: "when my knightly stomach is suffic'd," etc.

132. *Weak evils.* That is, causing weakness. See on ii. 3. 39 above. Gr. 4. Schmidt (p. 1416) makes it = evils of weakness; as "old wrinkles" (*M. of V.* i. 1. 80) = wrinkles of age, etc.

139. *Wherein we play in.* See on 90 above.

All the world 's a stage. "Totus mundus agit histrionem" (probably taken from a fragment of Petronius, where it reads "quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrionem") was the motto over the entrance to the Globe Theatre. The comparison is very common in writers of the time. Cf. *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

> "Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
> Whereon many play their parts;"

Churchyard, *Farewell*, 1593: "A borrowde roume where we our pageants play;" *Of Love's Complaints*, 1597:

> "Whose life a sad continual tragedie,
> Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,
> While as the acts are measur'd by his age."

Sidney, *Arcadia:* "She found the world but a wearisome stage to her, where she played a part against her will," etc. Halliwell gives many similar passages.

143. *Seven ages.* The division of man's life into seven, ten, or more periods or "ages" was likewise common, and dates back to very ancient times. Wr. remarks: "A good deal of the literature of this subject has been collected by Mr. Winter Jones, in an interesting paper which he published in the *Archæologica* (xxxv. 167–189) on a block print of the 15th century which is in the British Museum. The so-called verses of Solon, quoted by Philo, *De opificio mundi*, are there given, as well as the passage in which Plato attributes to Hippocrates the division of man's life into seven periods. In the *Mishna* (*Aboth*, v. 24) fourteen periods are given, and a poem upon the ten stages of life was written by the great

Hebrew commentator Ibn Ezra. The *Midrash* on *Ecclesiastes*, i. 2 goes back to the seven divisions. The Jewish literature is very fully given by Löw in his treatise *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur*. Sir Thomas Browne devotes a chapter of his *Vulgar Errors* (iv. 12) to a consideration of the various divisions which have been proposed." See also Halliwell's folio ed. vol. vi. pp. 153 fol.

As W. remarks (see his *Tale of the Forest of Arden*, in the *Galaxy* for April, 1875), all these stages of life are here described "in scoffing and disparaging terms;" in fact, Jaques "seized the occasion to sneer at the representatives of the whole human race." See on ii. 1. 41 above.

144. *Mewling.* Squalling. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Miauler. To mewle, or mew, like a cat."

145. *Then.* Pope, followed by some modern eds., has "And then," which may be what S. wrote. If not, *Then* is a dissyllable. Cf. Gr. 486.

146. *Like snail.* Halliwell quotes Browne:

> "Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brooke
> Withouten paine: but when the morne doth looke
> Out of the easterne gates, a snayle would faster
> Glide to the schooles, then they unto their master."

148. *Sighing like furnace.* Malone quotes *Cymb.* i. 6. 66: "He furnaces The thick sighs from him." Wr. adds *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 140: "Saw sighs reek from you."

150. *Full of strange oaths.* Sir James Douglas, one day hearing the exclamation "The devil!" pronounced with great emphasis in a cottage, immediately concluded "that some gallant knights or good men-at-arms were lurking there" (*Pict. Hist. of Eng.* ii. 264, quoted by M.). Soldiers have always "sworn terribly," and not "in Flanders" alone. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 78.

Bearded like the pard—"with long pointed mustaches, bristling like panther's or leopard's feelers" (Wr.).

151. *Sudden.* Impetuous, passionate. Cf. *Mach.* iv. 3. 59: "Sudden, malicious;" *Oth.* ii. 1. 279: "rash and very sudden in choler," etc.

155. *Beard of formal cut.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 80: "a beard of the general's cut;" and see note in our ed. p. 168.

156. *Wise saws*, etc. Wise maxims and trite illustrations. For *modern* =commonplace, trivial, cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 170: "a modern ecstasy;" *A. W.* ii. 3. 2: "modern and familiar," etc. See also iv. 1. 6 below. Schmidt recognizes no other meaning of the word in S. *Instances* he makes here =*saws*; as in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 78: "an old instance," etc.

158. *Pantaloon.* As Wr. remarks, the word and character were borrowed from the Italian stage. Todd, in his edition of Johnson's *Dictionary*, quotes from Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy* an account of the plays in Venice: "There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage: the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone*, and *Coviello* . . . *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper." Torriano (*Italian Dict.*, 1659) gives "Pantalone, a Pantalone, a covetous and yet amorous old dotard, properly applyed in Comedies unto a Venetian." Capell quotes from *The Travels of three English*

Brothers, 1607, a dialogue between an Italian Harlequin and Kemp the actor:

> "*Harl.* Marry sir, first we will have an old Pantaloune.
> *Kemp.* Some iealous Coxcombe.
> *Harl.* Right, and that part will I play."

Steevens gives a stage direction from *The Plotte of the Deade Mans Fortune*, "Enter the panteloun and pescode with spectakles."

Halliwell suggests that the term here may be applied more generally. Howell (1660) makes *pantaloon* = a "Venetian magnifico." In Calot's plates illustrating the Italian comedy is one in which the ancient pantaloon is represented as wearing slippers.

160. *Hose.* See on ii. 4. 6 above. *A world* was then as now a common hyperbole. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 159: "a world of sighs;" *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 223: "worlds of company;" *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 211: "all that world of wealth," etc.

163. *His.* Its. See *Temp.* p. 120, or Gr. 228.

166. *Sans.* See on 32 above.

167. *Venerable burden.* Steevens suggests that S. may have had in mind Ovid, *Met.* xiii. 125:

> "patremque
> Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros."

171. *Fall to.* Used by S. in other connections than of eating. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 51: "fall to thy prayers;" *J. C.* v. 3. 7: "his soldiers fell to spoil," etc. See also v. 4. 174 below.

175. *Unkind.* Explained by Malone as = unnatural (cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 73, 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 193, etc.), but it may have its ordinary sense.

178. *Because thou art not seen.* That is, "thy rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult" (Johnson). Warb. wanted to read "not sheen," that is, "smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds!" St. conjectures "art foreseen." Capell quotes *Lear*, iii. 2. 16–18: "I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness," etc.

180. *The holly.* "Songs of the holly were current long before the time of S. It was the emblem of mirth" (Halliwell).

187. *The waters warp.* Either referring to the curving of the surface in freezing, or in a more general sense to the change undergone. *Warp* is elsewhere = change, distort, etc. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 365, *A. W.* v. 3. 49, *Lear*, iii. 6. 56, etc. Nares (followed by V., H., and others) explains the passage: "though thou weave the waters into a firm texture." Wr. points out that the A. S. saying ("Winter sceal geweorpan weder") quoted by Holt White as = "winter shall warp water," and repeated by many other editors, is mistranslated, "weder" meaning weather (that is, fair weather), not water.

189. *As friend remember'd not.* "As what an unremembered friend feels" (M.). Hanmer changed it to "remembering." Schmidt explains *remember'd* as "having memory." Cf. "to be remembered" = to recollect; as in iii. 5. 130 below.

191. *Were.* D. conjectures "are," and also in the next line.

193. *Effigies.* Effigy, likeness. For the accent, see Gr. 490.
194. *Limn'd.* Painted. Used by S. only here and in *V. and A.* 290. *Dislimn* (=efface) occurs in *A. and C.* iv. 14. 10.
198. *Thou.* On the pronouns in this line and the next, see Gr. 233.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *The better part.* For the greater part. Cf. i. 3. 114, or Gr. 202.
3. *Argument.* See on i. 2. 262 above.
4. *Thou present.* You being present. Gr. 380.
6. *Seek him with candle.* As Steevens remarks, alluding probably to *Luke*, xv. 8.
7. *Turn.* Return; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 184: "Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror," etc.
11. *Quit thee.* Clear or acquit thyself. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 166: "God quit you in his mercy!"
16. *Of such a nature.* That is, whose duty it is.
17. *Make an extent*, etc. Put in an *extendi facias*, etc. Lord Campbell, in *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, quotes this passage as illustrating the poet's "deep technical knowledge of law," the writ of *extendi facias* applying to houses and lands, as that of *fieri facias* to goods and chattels, and that of *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person. Wr. cites Stephen's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, iv. 80: "Upon all debts of record due to the Crown, the sovereign has his peculiar remedy by writ of *extent;* which differs in this respect from an ordinary writ of execution at suit of the subject, that under it the body, lands, and goods of the debtor may be all taken at once, in order to compel the payment of the debt. And this proceeding is called an *extent*, from the words of the writ; which directs the sheriff to cause the lands, goods, and chattels to be appraised at their full, or extended, value (*extendi facias*), before they are delivered to satisfy the debt."
18. *Expediently.* Expeditiously, quickly. So *expedient*=expeditious; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 60 and *Rich. II.* i. 4. 39.
Turn him going=send him packing; as in *J. C.* iii. 3. 38.

SCENE II.—2. *Thrice-crowned.* Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 391: "By the triple Hecate's team;" Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 511: "Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae;" and Horace, *Od.* iii. 22. 4: "Diva triformis:" Johnson quotes the memorial lines:

> "Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
> Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis."

Sr. quotes from Chapman's *Hymnus in Cynthiam* a passage which may have been in Shakespeare's mind:

> "Nature's bright eye-sight, and the night's fair soul,
> That with thy triple forehead dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."

4. *My full life doth sway.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 118: "doth sway my life."

6. *Character.* Write, inscribe. Cf. *Sonn.* 108. 1, *R. of L.* 807, *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 4, etc. S. accents the verb either on the first or second syllable; the noun on the first, except in *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 81.

7. *That.* So that. Gr. 283.

10. *Unexpressive.* Inexpressible. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 176: "the unexpressive nuptial song;" *Hymn on Nativ.* 116: "With unexpressive notes." Cf. also *insuppressive*=not to be suppressed (*J. C.* ii. 1. 134), *uncomprehensive*=unknown (*T. and C.* iii. 3. 198), *plausive*=plausible, specious (*A. W.* i. 2. 53), *respective*=respectable (*T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 200), etc. See Gr. 3.

For *she*=woman, cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 259: "the cruellest she alive;" *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83: "the only she;" *Cymb.* i. 6. 40: "two such shes," etc. See also *he* in 366 below. Gr. 224.

15. *Naught.* Bad. See on i. 1. 32 above.

16. *Private.* Lonely, solitary. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 15: "I left him private," etc.

20. *Hast.* Cf. 30 below: "Wast ever in court?" Gr. 401.

28. *Of good breeding.* See on ii. 3. 12 above.

35. *All on one side.* It would seem obvious enough that these words are explanatory of *ill-roasted*, but Steevens connected them with *damned.*

39. *Good manners.* "A play upon words, *manners* being used for *morals* as well as for habits or deportment" (Halliwell). V. remarks that *morals* is not found in the old dictionaries and authors.

41. *Parlous.* A vulgar corruption of *perilous.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 14: "a parlous fear," etc. Gr. 461.

46. *But you kiss.* Without kissing. Gr. 125.

48. *Instance.* Proof. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 42: "They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances," etc.

49. *Still.* Continually. Gr. 69.

50. *Fells.* Fleeces. Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 11: "my fell of hair;" *Lear*, v. 3. 24: "flesh and fell," etc.

52. *A mutton.* A sheep. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 101: "a lost mutton;" *M. of V.* i. 3. 168: "flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats," etc.

56. *More sounder.* Cf. "more worthier" (iii. 3. 53 below), "more elder" (*M. of V.* iv. 1. 251), "more better" (*Temp.* i. 2. 19), etc. Gr. 11.

60. *Worms'-meat.* Wr. suggests that this expression may have struck S. in a book which he evidently read, the treatise of Vincentio Saviolo (see on v. 4. 86), in which a printer's device is found with the motto, "O wormes meate: O froath: O vanitie: why art thou so insolent."

62. *Perpend.* Ponder, consider; "a word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the clowns" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 119, *Ham.* ii. 2. 105, etc.

66. *God make incision in thee!* Schmidt explains this, "God cure thee!" Heath says: "I apprehend the meaning is, 'God give thee a better understanding, thou art very raw and simple as yet.' The expression probably alludes to the common proverbial saying concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought to be cut for the simples." The reference is to bleeding as a method of cure. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 97.

On *raw*=green, inexperienced, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 77, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 42, etc.

68. *Owe no man hate.* Halliwell quotes *Romans*, xiii. 8: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

69. *Content with my harm.* "Patient in tribulation."

75. *Scape.* Not a contraction of *escape*. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 14. 9: "had scaped shipwreck," etc. See Wb. s. v.

78. *East.* Eastern. *Ind* is printed "Inde" in the folio, and the vowel is doubtless meant to be long; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 222, where the word rhymes with *blind*.

82. *Lin'd.* Delineated, drawn. Capell changed it to "limn'd."

85. *Fair.* Beauty; as often. Cf. *Sonn.* 16. 11: "Neither in inward worth nor outward fair," etc. Pope substituted "face" here; and Walker would change *face* in 84 to "fair." The latter is the more plausible emendation. Steevens quotes from Lodge's novel:

> "Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone
> The absence of fair Rosalynde,
> Since for her fair there is fairer none," etc.

86. *Rhyme you.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 74: "they will learn you by rote where services were done;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 188: "he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April," etc.

88. *Butter-women's rank.* That is, their jog-trot one after another. Hanmer suggested "rate," and Grey "rant." Wr. thinks "rack" may be the right word; but S. does not use it elsewhere in the sense of a horse's pace. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) defines *amble* as "an amble, pace, racke; . . . a smooth, or easie gate."

For *right*=true, downright, see Gr. 19; and cf. 110 and 258 below.

93. *If the cat*, etc. A common proverbial phrase. Halliwell quotes the *Enterlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568: "Cat after kinde, saith the proverbe, swete milke wil lap;" Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "cat after kinde will either hunt or scratch," etc.

95. *Winter.* The reading of 3d and 4th folios; the 1st and 2d have "Wintred."

103. *False gallop.* "Forced gait" (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 135). S. uses *gallop* only in this expression, which occurs again in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 94. Malone quotes Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobbling, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

107. *Graff.* Graft. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 3: "of my own graffing," etc. See also *misgraffed* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 137. *Graft* occurs in *Cor.* ii. 1. 206: "grafted to your relish," etc.

108. *A medlar.* The fruit of the *Mespilus Germanica*, a tree still common in England. It was not considered fit to eat until it was over-ripe, or "rotten." Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 3870:

> "That ilke fruyt is ever lenger the wers
> Til it be rote in mullok or in stree," etc.

There is here a play on *medlar* and *meddler*, as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 307 fol.

The earliest fruit. Steevens thought that S. had "little knowledge in gardening," as the medlar is a very late fruit; but Rosalind says "for you 'll be rotten *ere you be half ripe.*"

115. *A desert.* Rowe supplied *a*, which is not in the folios. Tyrwhitt conjectured "Why should this desert silent be?" Halliwell retains the folio reading, making *Why* a dissyllable (Gr. 481).

116. *For.* Because. See *Mer.* p. 134 or *M. N. D.* p. 177. Gr. 151.

118. *Civil sayings.* "Maxims of social life" (Johnson), or "wise sayings" (M.). For *civil* = civilized, see 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 66:

> "Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
> Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;"

Cymb. iii. 6. 23:

> "Ho! who 's here?
> If anything that 's civil, speak; if savage,
> Take or lend," etc.

120. *Erring.* Errant, wandering. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 362: "an erring barbarian" (= "extravagant and wheeling stranger" in *Id.* i. 1. 137); *Ham.* i. 1. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit," etc.

122. *Buckles in.* Girds in, includes. Cf. *Macb.* v. 2. 15 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 30.

126. *Sentence end.* The possessive inflection was often omitted in dissyllables ending with a sibilant (Gr. 217), and sometimes before *sake*, as in 240 below.

129. *Quintessence.* The fifth or highest essence of the alchemists; and hence, figuratively, the concentrated virtue of anything. S. uses the word only here and in *Ham.* ii. 2. 321.

130. *In little.* In miniature. Cf. *L. C.* 90: "in little drawn," etc.

133. *Wide-enlarg'd.* "Spread through the world" (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 46:

> "but you, O you,
> So perfect and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best!"

135. *Helen's cheek.* Cf. *Sonn.* 53. 7: "On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set."

137. *Atalanta's better part.* What this means has been much disputed. Johnson remarks that the better part of the mythological Atalanta "seems to have been her heels," and thinks that S. had some other character in mind. Tollet suggests that it was "her beauty and graceful elegance of shape;" Farmer, "her wit, that is, the swiftness of her mind;" Steevens, "the best part about her, such as was most commended."

Whiter remarks on the passage: "The imagery selected to discriminate the perfections of Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those peculiar traits of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of Helen, whether they were produced by the

skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty;* and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. With respect to the 'majesty' of Cleopatra, it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. I infer, therefore, that the familiarity of the image was impressed, both on the Poet and his reader, from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances. Atalanta, we know, was considered by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured, therefore, that her portraits were everywhere to be found. Since the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of virgin purity, and in delineating the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person. Lucretia (we know) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages; and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of 'modesty.'

"Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress—that the ripe and brilliant *beauties* of Helen should be united to the elegant *symmetry* and virgin *graces* of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of Cleopatra, and the *matron modesty* of Lucretia."

140. *Heavenly synod.* S. has *synod* in six passages, and in all but one it refers to an assembly of the gods. See *Cor.* v. 2. 74, *Ham.* ii. 2. 516, *A. and C.* iii. 10. 5, and *Cymb.* v. 4. 89.

142. *Touches.* Traits, features. Cf. v. 4. 27 below.

144. *And I to live.* See Gr. 216 and 416, and cf. v. 4. 22 below.

145. *Jupiter.* The folio reading. Spedding suggested "pulpiter," which is plausible. D. and the Camb. ed. adopt it. But S. does not use the word elsewhere, nor *pulpit* (=rostra) except in *J. C.* Cf. Rosalind's "O Jupiter!" in ii. 4. 1.

151. *Scrip.* The shepherd's pouch. Cf. 1 *Sam.* xvii. 40, etc. S. has the word only here and in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 3, where it means list.

158. *The feet were lame.* Cf. *Per.* iv. prol. 48: "the lame feet of my rhyme."

162. *Should.* According to Abbott (Gr. 328), used to denote a statement not made by the speaker; but it may possibly depend on *wondering* rather than on *hear.*

163. *The nine days.* The proverbial nine that a wonder is supposed to last. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 113:

> "*Gloucester.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
> *Clarence.* That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts."

164. *A palm-tree.* A stumbling-block to some of the critics. See on i. 1. 107 above. Coll. suggests that S. wrote "plane-tree!"

165. *Pythagoras' time.* M. remarks that "the opinions of this philosopher are wittily explained in *T. N.* (iv. 2. 54–60), and forcibly in *M. of V.* (iv. 1. 131)."

166. *An Irish rat.* Cf. B. J., *Poetaster:*

> "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats,
> In drumming tunes;"

Sidney, *Defence of Poesie:* "Though I will not wish vnto you, the Asses eares of Midas, nor to bee driuen by a Poets verses, (as Bubonax was) to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland, yet thus much curse I must send you." In Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, the power of magic incantations is said to be claimed by the Irish witches: "The Irishmen addict themselves wonderfully to the credit and practice hereof; insomuch as they affirm, that not only their children, but their cattel, are (as they call it) eye-bitten, when they fall suddenly sick, and tearm one sort of their Witches eye-biters; only in that respect: yea and they will not stick to affirm, that they can rime either man or beast to death." Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, v. 2, has a reference to the same belief:

> "If he provoke my spleen, I 'll have him know
> I soldiers feed shall mince him, and my poets
> Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
> Rhyme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland."

Cf. Pope's version of Donne's *Second Satire*, 22:

> "One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
> No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love."

Wr. adds that the supposed effect of music upon these animals will be present to the recollection of every one who has read Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

On *that*, see Gr. 284; and on *which*, Gr. 271.

167. *Trow you.* Know you. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 165: "'Trow you whither I am going?" etc.

169. *And a chain*, etc. Cf. i. 2. 229. On *and*, Wr. remarks: "This irregular and elliptical construction, in which *and* does yeoman's service for many words, may be illustrated by *Cor.* i. 1. 82: 'Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain;' and *Cymb.* v. 4. 179: 'But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer.'"

172. *For friends*, etc. Halliwell quotes Ray, *Eng. Proverbs:* "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet; *mons cum monte non miscebitur; pares cum paribus;* two haughty persons will seldom agree together;" *Three Lordes of London*, 1590: "I 'll tell thee why we meet; because we are no mountains;" and Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Then we two met, which argued that we were no mountains."

173. Tollet quotes from Holland's *Pliny* the following, which S. may or may not have had in mind: "There happened once (which I found in the bookes of the Tuscanes learning) within the territorie of Modena, (whiles L. Martius and Sex. Iulius were Consuls) a great strange wonder of the Earth: for two hilles encountred together, charging as it were,

and with violence assaulting one another, yea and retiring againe with a most mightie noise."

177. *Petitionary.* The word occurs again in *Cor.* v. 2. 82: "thy petitionary countrymen."

180. *Out of all whooping.* Beyond all exclamations of wonder. Steevens explains it, "out of all measure, or reckoning," and compares the old phrase "out of cry" or "out of all cry," of which Halliwell adds many examples.

The folio has "hooping," but the other spelling is found in writers of the time.

182. *Good my complexion!* "Let me not blush" (Warb.). Cf. 170 above. M. explains it less happily, "In the name of all my good looks." J. H. thinks that Rosalind "means to compliment her complexion for having by its blushes shown her genuine nature as a woman."

183. *Caparisoned.* Used jestingly, as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 67.

184. *A South Sea of discovery.* That is, "to be searched for discovery" (Schmidt); the least delay is as bad as a voyage of discovery.

190. *Is he of God's making?* Or his tailor's? Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 59: "You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee;" and Stephens, *Essayes and Characters*, ed. 1615: "Her body is (I presume) of God's making & yet I cannot tell, for many parts thereof she made her selfe" (Wr.).

195. *Let me stay*, etc. Tell me who he is, and I 'll wait for the growth of his beard. For *stay* = wait for, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 2. 13, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 4, *Macb.* iv. 3. 142, etc.

199. *Speak sad brow*, etc. Speak seriously, as you are a true maid. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 185: "Speak you this with a sad brow?" (see also *M. N. D.* p. 175); and for the construction, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 462: "He speaks plain cannon fire," etc. See also 258 below.

206. *Wherein went he?* How was he dressed? Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 151: "went never gay;" *Lear*, ii. 4. 27: "to go warm," etc. J. H. prefers to make *wherein* = whereinto.

207. *Makes.* Does. See on i. 1. 26 above.

208. *With.* Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 2: "parted with the king, etc. Gr. 194. We have "parted from" in iv. 3. 98 below.

210. *Gargantua's mouth.* Gargantua was the giant in Rabelais who swallowed five pilgrims at a gulp. Wr. cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Gargantua. Great throat. Rab." Steevens quotes from the Registers of the Stationers' Company two items, showing that in 1592 [April 6] was entered "Gargantua his prophesie," and in 1594 [Dec. 4] "A booke entituled, the historie of Gargantua &c."

211. *To say ay and no*, etc. Wr. compares *Lear*, iv. 6. 100.

215. *Looks he as freshly.* See on i. 2. 137 and ii. 6. 12 above.

217. *Atomies.* Atoms, motes. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 57 and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 33. Wr. quotes Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*), who defines "atomy" as "A mote flying in the Sunne-beames." Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 7:

> "As thick and numberless
> As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

Resolve=solve, answer; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 135, etc.

219. *Observance.* Observation, attention. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 151: "scattering and unsure observance," etc.

221. *Jove's tree.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14: "Jove's spreading tree." The oak was sacred to Jupiter. Wr. quotes Virgil, *Geor.* iii. 332:

> "Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus
> Ingentes tendat ramos."

225. *Stretched along.* See on ii. 1. 30 above.

228. *The ground.* The background of the picture, as Caldecott explains it; though it may have its ordinary meaning.

229. *Holla.* Used in checking horses. Cf. *V. and A.* 284:

> "What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
> His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'"

On *curvets*, cf. *V. and A.* 279: "rears upright, curvets, and leaps." We have the noun, accented on the last syllable, in *A. W.* ii. 3. 299: "the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery steed." Modern authorities are divided on the accent of both verb and noun. See Worc.

230. *Furnished.* Dressed, equipped. Cf. epil. 8 below; also 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 21: "furnish'd like the king," etc.

231. *Heart.* There is a play on the word; as in *T. N.* iv. 1. 63, *J. C.* iii. 1. 208, *V. and A.* 502, etc.

233. *Bringest me out.* Put me out; as in 236 below. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 171: "that brings me out."

237. *By.* Aside. So "walk by"=step aside, in *Oth.* v. 2. 30; "stand by"=stand aside, stand back, in *Much Ado.* iv. 1. 24, *T. of S.* i. 2. 143, etc.

239. *Had as lief have been.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 84, and see on i. 1. 133 above. *Myself alone*=by myself; an expression, as we are told, still used in Scotland.

240. *Fashion sake.* See on 126 above.

242. *God be wi' you.* "God buy you" in the folio; as in iv. 1. 28 and v. 3. 38 below, and many other passages. Some suppose our *good-bye* to be the same phrase. See Wb.

246. *Moe.* More; the folio reading here as in forty or more other passages, though we find "more" in 244 just above. The form is required by the rhyme in *R. of L.* 1479 and *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 72. As Wr. notes, *moe* appears to be used only with the plural. In the one apparent exception in the folio (*Temp.* v. 1. 234: "mo diversitie of sounds") the expression is virtually a plural.

249. *Just.* Just so; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 68, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 29, v. 1. 164, *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 158, etc.

256. *Conned.* Learned by heart; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 102, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 79, etc.

257. *Out of rings.* Alluding to the "posies" or mottoes inscribed on rings. See *Mer.* p. 164.

258. *I answer you right painted cloth.* For the construction, see on 199 above. *Painted cloth* alludes to the tapestry hangings for rooms, which were ornamented with figures and mottoes. Cf. *R. of L.* 245, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 579, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 28, and *T. and C.* v. 10. 47. Steevens quotes Randolph, *The Muse's Looking-glass*, iii. 1:

"Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,
In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigal."

Halliwell adds from *No Whipping nor Tripping*, 1601 :

"Read what is written on the painted cloth :
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
And ever have an eye unto the door," etc.

263. *No breather.* Cf. *Sonn.* 81. 12 : "all the breathers of this world ;" and *A. and C.* iii. 3. 24 : "a body rather than a life, A statue than a breather." Halliwell refers to 1 *Cor.* xi. 28, and quotes Law's remark that "every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of with respect to others."

268. *By my troth.* See on i. 2. 79 above.

286. *Sighing every minute*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 50–58.

291. *Who.* See Gr. 274.

297. *A se'nnight.* A week. Cf. *fortnight* = fourteen nights.

298. *Year.* Cf. *Sonn.* 11. 8 : "threescore year ;" *Temp.* i. 2. 53 : "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since," etc. See *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound.*

315. *Fringe.* Fairholt, in his *Costumes*, gives representations of petticoat fringes from portraits of the Elizabethan age.

316. *Native.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 14 and iv. 7. 180. S. has *native* as a noun (=source) only in *Cor.* iii. 1. 129 : "the native of our so frank donation ;" where some critics would read "motive."

317. *Cony.* Rabbit. Cf. *V. and A.* 687 and *Cor.* iv. 5. 226. *Kindled* = littered, born ; still used of hares and rabbits in some provincial dialects. Halliwell quotes Palsgrave, 1530 : "A konny kyndylleth every moneth in the yere."

320. *Purchase.* Get, acquire. Cf. *Mer.* ii. 9. 43 : "purchased by the merit of the wearer ;" *Rich. II.* i. 3. 282 : "I sent thee forth to purchase honour," etc.

Removed = retired. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 116 : "that removed house ;" *M. for M.* i. 3. 8 : "the life removed," etc. See also Milton, *Il Pens.* 78 : "Some still removed place."

321. *Of.* By. Cf. i. 1. 103, 150, etc. Gr. 170.

322. *Religious.* That is, a monk or hermit. Cf. v. 4. 155, 176 below. So in *Rich. II.* v. 1. 23, "religious house" = convent.

323. *Courtship.* Court life ; with a play on the other sense. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 34.

327. *Taxed.* Charged. See on i. 2. 75 above.

339. *Fancy-monger.* Love-monger. See on *fantasy*, ii. 4. 27 above.

340. *Quotidian.* A fever with daily paroxysms. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues :* "if euer she haue ben taken with the feuer of fancie, she will help his ague, who by a quotidian fit is conuerted into phrensie." See also *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124 : "He is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold."

343. *There is none.* See Gr. 335.

344. *Cage of rushes.* That is, weak bondage.

347. *A blue eye.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1587:

> "And round about her tear-distained eye,
> Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

So in "blue-eyed hag," in *Temp.* i. 2. 270.

348. *Unquestionable.* Disinclined to question or conversation. Cf. *questionable* in *Ham.* i. 4. 43. For *question*=talk, conversation, see iii. 4. 32 and v. 4. 156 below.

350. *Simply.* Indeed, absolutely. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 9: "he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens;" *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 105: "He is simply the most active gentleman of France," etc.

Having=property, possession. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 73: "the gentleman is of no having;" *Cymb.* i. 2. 19: "he added to your having," etc.

352. *Ungartered.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 79 and *Ham.* ii. 1. 80.

Bonnet=hat; as elsewhere in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 339: "his bonnet" (called "his hat" in 351 just below), etc. Stubbes (*Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, quoted by Wr.), describing the various fashions in hats of his time, says, "An other sort have round crownes, sometimes with one kinde of bande, sometime with an other; nowe blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now greene, now yellowe, now this, nowe that, never content with one colour or fashion two dayes to an ende." He also mentions with great scorn a fashion which had come in from France of wearing hats without bands. Cf. B. J., *Every Man Out of his Humour*, iv. 4: "I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had." For an illustration of the whole passage see Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange:*

> "No by my troth, if every tale of love,
> Or love it selfe, or foole-bewitching beauty,
> Make me crosse-arme my selfe; study ay-mees;
> Defie my hat-band; tread beneath my feet
> Shoo-strings and garters; practise in my glasse
> Distressed lookes, and dry my liver up,
> With sighes enough to win an argosie."

355. *Point-device.* "Up to the best mark devisable" (M.), affectedly nice. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 21 and *T. N.* ii. 5. 176.

362. *In good sooth.* In very truth. See *Mer.* p. 127 or *M. N. D.* p. 153.

366. *He.* See on 10 above.

372. *A dark house*, etc. The usual treatment of lunatics until a very recent date. Dr. Brown, a high medical authority of seventy years ago, seriously maintained that "the patient ought to be struck with fear and terror, and driven in his state of insanity to despair; as a remedy against over muscular excitement the labour of draught cattle should be imposed on him; the diet should be the poorest possible, and his drink only water." Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 148, v. 1. 350, *C. of E.* iv. 4. 97, etc.

379. *Moonish.* Changeable, variable; or possibly, as Halliwell suggests, foolish, weak. B. J. uses *moonling* in the sense of fool.

386. *Drave.* Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 190, *R. and J.* i. 1. 127, etc. S. also uses *drove* for the past tense (*M. W.* v. 5. 131, etc.), and *driven* and *droven* (*A. and C.* iv. 7. 5) for the participle.

387. *Living.* Real, as opposed to *mad.* Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 409: "a living reason."

389. *Merely.* Absolutely. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 59: "we are merely cheated of our lives," etc. See *J. C.* p. 129, note on *Merely upon myself.*

390. *Liver.* Considered the seat of love. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 56, *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 233, etc. See also *liver-vein* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 74. The simile, as Steevens remarks, is in keeping with Rosalind's assumed character of a shepherd.

SCENE III.—1. *Audrey.* A contraction of *Etheldreda.* The word *tawdry* is said to be a corruption of *Saint Audrey.* See Wb.

3. *Feature.* Shape, personal appearance (Schmidt). Cf. *Sonn.* 113. 12, *Temp.* iii. 1. 52, etc. It may here be = "facture" (or *making* in the early English sense of composition, verses), as Mr. W. Wilkins explains it.

5. *Goats.* There is a play on this word and *Goths*, which seems to have had the same pronunciation. So, as W. has shown, with *moth* and *mote*, *nothing* and *noting*, etc. Caldecott remarks that in our early printing *Goths* and *Gothic* were spelt *Gotes* and *Gottishe.* He quotes Thomas, *Hist. of Italye*, 1561: "against the gotes" (that is, Goths). *Capricious* is apparently used here on account of its derivation (Latin *caper*, goat).

7. *Ill-inhabited.* Ill-housed. See Gr. 294. For the allusion to the story of Philemon and Baucis, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 99.

11. *A great reckoning*, etc. A large bill for a small company or a mean entertainment. J. H. explains it, "an extensive reckoning to be written out in very small space."

18. *May be said.* M. Mason wished to read "it may be said;" but it is more likely a "confusion of construction" (cf. Gr. 415) for "may be said to be feigned."

22. *Honest.* See on i. 2. 34 above.

25. *Hard-favoured.* Ill-favoured (cf. i. 2. 35 above), ugly. Cf. *V. and A.* 133: "Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old;" *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 8: "Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd age," etc.

28. *Material.* "Full of matter" (ii. 1. 68), sensible.

34. *Foul.* Plain, ugly; as in the passage from *V. and A.* just quoted, and in iii. 5. 62 below.

44. *Stagger.* Waver, hesitate; as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 12, etc.

45. *What though?* What of it? Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 286, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 9, etc. Gr. 64.

46. *Necessary.* Unavoidable; as in *J. C.* ii. 2. 36, etc.

50. *Are horns given*, etc. The emendation of the Coll. MS. for the folio reading: "hornes, euen so poore men alone: No, no," etc. Theo. pointed it thus: "Horns?—even so:—poor men alone?" D. reads: "Horns? ever to poor men alone?" Sundry other changes have been proposed.

51. *Rascal.* A lean or worthless deer. Puttenham, in his *English Poesie*, says: "raskall is properly the hunter's terme given to young deere, leane and out of season." Cf. Palsgrave: "Rascall, refuse beest, *refus*;" Quarles, *Virgin Widow:* "And have known a rascal from a fat deer;" Lovelace, *Lucasta:* "Passe rascall deare, strike me the largest doe," etc. For a play on the word, see *Cor.* i. 11. 63, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 45, v. 4. 34, etc.

53. *More worthier.* See on iii. 2. 56 above.

55. *By how much*, etc. See on v. 2. 41 below.

57. *Sir.* "The style of a priest, answering to *dominus*" (Halliwell).

61. *On gift of any man.* The idea seems to be that what is given away is not worth having.

66. *God 'ield you.* God yield you, reward you. See *Macb.* p. 175, and cf. v. 4. 53 below. The full form ("the gods yield you for 't!") occurs in *A. and C.* iv. 2. 33.

70. *Bow.* The English editors explain *ox-bow* as a provincialism, but it is in common use in New England. Cf. *fill*=thill (*Mer.* p. 139).

71. *Falcon.* The female bird (see Schmidt or Wb.), the male bird being called *tercel* or *tassel* (cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 56 and *R. and J.* ii. 2. 160). *Falcon* is masculine in *R. of L.* 506, but this is because it is applied metaphorically to Tarquin. On the *bells*, cf. *R. of L.* 511 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 47.

79. *But I were better.* That it were not better for me. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 245, *T. N.* i. 2. 27, etc. The construction was originally impersonal (=to me it were better), like *if I please*, etc. See on i. 1. 85 above, or Gr. 230, 352.

86. *O sweet Oliver.* A quotation from a ballad of the time. Steevens says: "In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of

'O swete Olyuer
Leaue me not behind the.'

Again [Aug. 20],

'The answeare of O sweete Olyuer.'

Again, in 1586 [Aug. 1],

'O sweete Olyver altered to ye scriptures.'"

90. *Wind.* Steevens notes that *wind*=wend in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607: "Winde we then, Anthony, with this royal queen," etc. It may be=turn, as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 32, etc.

94. *Flout.* Mock, jeer; as in i. 2. 41 above, etc. For *calling*, see on i. 2. 216 above.

SCENE IV.—8. *Than Judas's.* It was a current opinion that Judas had red hair and beard, and he was commonly so represented in the paintings and tapestries of the time. Cf. Marston, *Insatiate Countess*, 1613: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas;" Middleton, *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1620: "Sure that was Judas with the red beard," etc.

11. *Your chestnut.* A common colloquial use of *your*. Cf. v. 4. 59 below; also *M. N. D.* i. 2. 95, iii. 1. 33, iv. 1. 36, etc. Gr. 221.

14. *Holy bread.* Sacramental bread. Warb. wished to read "beard;" that is, "the kiss of an holy saint or hermit!"

15. *Cast.* Cast off, discarded. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 23: "casted slough;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 48: "your colt's tooth is not cast yet," etc. The later folios read "chast." For the allusion to *Diana*, cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 58, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 387, *Cor.* v. 3. 65, etc.

16. *Winter's sisterhood.* That is, "an unfruitful sisterhood" (Warb.). Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 72:

> "To live a barren sister all your life,
> Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

Theo. would read "Winifred's sisterhood."

22. *Pick-purse.* Pickpocket; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 163, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 208, etc.

23. *Verity.* Faith, honesty; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 92: "justice, verity, temperance."

24. *A covered goblet.* Wr. says: "which having a convex top is more hollow than a goblet without a cover;" but perhaps better, as M. gives it, because the cover is on only when the cup is empty.

29. *The word of a tapster.* Who would cheat in his reckoning. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 42: "I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 123: "a tapster's arithmetic," etc.

32. *Question.* Talk, conversation. Cf. v. 4. 156 below; also *W. T.* iv. 2. 55, etc. See on iii. 2. 348 above.

35. *What.* For what, why. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 123: "What need we any spur," etc. Gr. 253.

37. *A brave man!* A fine fellow! Cf. for the irony *Temp.* iii. 2. 12: "He were a brave monster indeed," etc. See on *bravery*, ii. 7. 80 above.

39. *Traverse.* Crosswise; that is, clumsily. It was thought disgraceful to break a lance across the body of an adversary, and not by a direct thrust. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 139: "give him another staff: this last was broke cross." Halliwell quotes *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "like a tilter that had broke his staves foul before his mistress."

Lover is feminine, as in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 116, *Cymb.* v. 5. 172, etc.

40. *Puisny.* Puny (which is the same word), inferior.

41. *A noble goose.* The adjective is obviously ironical; but Hanmer wished to read "a nose-quill'd goose" (a term in falconry), and Farmer approved the change.

44. *Of love.* That is, of the want of it (Schmidt). See on ii. 3. 12 above, and cf. iii. 2. 28.

45. *Who.* For *who* following *that*, see Gr. 260; and for the form, Gr. 274. The later folios have "Whom."

48. *Pageant.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 114: "Shall we their fond pageant see?"

49. *Pale complexion.* Perhaps alluding to the popular belief that the heart lost a drop of blood with every sigh. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 96:

> "All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
> With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear;"

and see note in our ed. p. 163.

54. *See.* Not in the folio, but inserted by D. Pope read, "Bring us but to this sight;" Capell, "Come, bring;" Malone, "Bring us unto," etc.

SCENE V.—5. *Falls.* For the transitive use cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 296, v. 1. 64, *J. C.* iv. 2. 26 (see note in our ed. p. 169), etc. Gr. 291.

6. *But first begs.* Without first begging. See on iii. 2. 46 above. Gr. 120.

7. *Dies and lives.* Lives and dies, gets his whole livelihood. Mr. Arrowsmith (*Notes and Queries*, 1 series, vii. 542) compares *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5790:

> "With sorrow they both die and live
> That unto richesse her hertes yeve;"

and Barclay, *Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

> "He is a foole, and so shall he dye and liue,
> That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing."

Dr. Ingleby (*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 59) admits that *to die and live* was sometimes = *to live and die*, but maintains that *to die and live by a thing* meant "to make that thing a matter of life and death." He adds: "The profession or calling of a man is that by which he dies and lives; i. e. by which he lives, and failing which he dies." The Camb. ed. records nine "emendations" of the passage, but none is needed.

11. *Sure.* Surely. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 388, ii. 1. 315, etc.

12. *Frail'st.* This contraction of superlatives is common in S. Cf. "civil'st" (2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 66), "kind'st (*Macb.* ii. 1. 24), "stern'st" (*Id.* ii. 2. 4) "secret'st" (*Id.* iii. 4. 126), etc. Gr. 473.

16. *And if.* An if. Gr. 103.

23. *Cicatrice.* Mark, impression. *Capable* is apparently = sensible. Cf. Greene, *Orpharion*, 1599: "conducted into the great hall of the gods, Mercury sprinkled me with water, and made me capable of their divine presence." See also *Ham.* iv. 7. 179, where "incapable of her own distress" = insensible, etc. For *impressure*, cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 103: "Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal;" and *T. and C.* iv. 5. 131: "my sword had not impressure made."

24. *Some moment.* Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 257: "some minute ere the time," etc. Wr. remarks that "*some* was formerly used with singular nouns." This is somewhat indefinite. The word is still used with singular nouns to express kind or quantity; as in "some fresh cheek" in 29 just below, "some food" (*Temp.* i. 2. 160), etc. We can even say "some half an hour" (*L. L. L.* v. 2. 90), "some month or two" (*M. of V.* iii. 2. 9), etc. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any Shakespearian use of the word which might not be allowed now. In *Temp.* i. 2. 7 ("Who had no doubt some noble creature in her") D., St., and others read "creatures;" but even here the singular would not be clearly an exceptional instance.

26. *Nor . . . no.* See Gr. 408, and cf. i. 2. 14 above.

29. *Fancy.* Love. See on iii. 2. 339 above.

36. *And all at once.* "And all the rest, and everything else" (Schmidt). See *Hen. V.* p. 145.

37. *No beauty.* It would seem to be clear enough from the context that Rosalind is bantering Phebe, but the negative has troubled some of the editors. Theo. reads "you have beauty;" Malone, "mo beauty;" Steevens, "more beauty;" Hanmer, "some beauty;" and so on.

39. *Dark.* In the dark. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 1. 104: "I'll keep him dark," etc.

Seymour explains the passage, "Your beauty admits not of hyperbolical praise, I cannot say it illumines darkness;" Wr., "not being so very

brilliant;" M., "without exciting any particular desire for light to see it by."

43. *Sale-work.* "Ready-made," as we say, in distinction from "custom work" or that done to order.

Od's my little life. A petty oath. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 72: "God's my life!" See also "Od's my will!" in iv. 3. 17 below; "Od's me!" in *M. W.* i. 4. 64, etc.

47. *Bugle.* Black like "bugles," as beads of black glass are still called.

48. *Entame.* Tame, subdue; used by S. only here. Gr. 440. For *tame*=subdue, see *Much Ado*, v. 1. 210, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 278, iv. 1. 213, iv. 2. 53, 58, etc.

50. *Foggy south.* For the south wind as bringing fog and rain, cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 103, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 392, *Cor.* ii. 3. 32, *Cymb.* ii. 3. 136, iv. 2. 349, etc.

51. *Properer.* Handsomer. See on i. 2. 106, and cf. 55 and 114 below.

53. *Makes.* For the use of the singular, see Gr. 247.

59. *Friendly.* As a friend. For the adverbial use, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 141, iv. 2. 107, *Cor.* iv. 6. 9, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 47, etc.

60. *You are not*, etc. We might use this expression, but not "This sky is not to walk in" (*J. C.* i. 3. 39), "He is not for your lordship's respect" (*A. W.* iii. 6. 109), etc. Cf. Gr. 405.

61. *Cry the man mercy.* That is, beg his pardon. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 5. 27, *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 182, etc.

62. *Foul is most foul*, etc. "There is no ugliness like that which goes with scoffing" (M.). See on iii. 3. 34 above.

66. If the text is right, the first clause must be addressed to Phebe, and what follows to Silvius. Hanmer changed *your* to "her."

68. *Sauce.* Cf. our vulgarism of "sassing" a person. From meaning to give zest or piquancy to language, the word came to be used ironically in the sense of making it hot and sharp; or, in other words, from meaning to *spice* it came to mean to *pepper*. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 3. 11: "I'll sauce them."

73. *If you will know*, etc. Probably addressed to Silvius.

75. *Look on him better.* Think better of him, regard him more favourably.

78. *Abus'd.* Deceived. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc.

80. *Dead shepherd*, etc. See introduction, p. 10 above. Marlowe was killed in a quarrel in 1593. For *saw*, cf. ii. 7. 156 above. *Of might*= forcibly true.

88. *Extermined.* Used by S. only here. Its equivalent *exterminate* he does not use at all.

89. Possibly, as Halliwell suggests, there is an allusion to the Scriptural injunction, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

93. *Since that.* See on i. 3. 41 above. Gr. 287.

94. *Irksome.* See on ii. 1. 22 above.

99. *Grace.* Either favour, regard (as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 31, *L. L. L.* ii. 1.

60, etc.), or fortune, happiness (as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 69, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 89, etc.).

102. *Loose.* Let fall. Cf. *Ruth*, ii. 16.

104. *Erewhile.* See on ii. 4. 84 above.

106. *Bounds.* See on ii. 4. 78 above.

107. *Carlot.* Peasant; from *carl* (see *Cymb.* v. 2. 4), which has the same meaning.

109. *Peevish.* Silly. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

112. *It is.* See on i. 1. 129 above.

120. *Lusty.* Lively, fresh. Cf. *Sonn.* 5. 7, *Temp.* ii. 1. 52, etc.

122. *Constant.* Uniform; as opposed to the *mingled damask*, or red and white. Cf. *Sonn.* 130. 5: "roses damask'd, red and white."

124. *In parcels.* Piecemeal. Cf. "by parcels" in *Oth.* i. 3. 154.

Would have gone near to fall=would have come near falling. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 78, *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 24, etc.

127. *I.* Not in the 1st folio, but added in the 2d.

128. *What had he to do*, etc. What right had he, etc. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 164: "What have you to do (what is it to you) whither they bear it?" The phrase is used absolutely in *T. of S.* i. 2. 226 and iii. 2. 218.

130. *I am remember'd.* I recollect. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 110, 114, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 96, *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 23, etc. See on ii. 7. 189 above.

132. *Omittance is no quittance.* Doubtless a proverbial expression.

133. *To him.* W. omits *to*; probably a misprint.

135. *Straight.* Straightway, immediately. Cf. *Lear*, i. 3. 25: "I 'll write straight to my sister," etc. See also ii. 1. 69 above.

137. *Passing.* Exceedingly; as often. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 20, *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 42, etc. It is occasionally an adjective; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 17: "a passing shame;" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 106: "O passing traitor!" etc.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—4. *I do love it*, etc. M. quotes what Johnson says to Boswell: "You are always complaining of melancholy, and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. Do not pretend to deny it: *manifestum habemus furem*. Make it an invariable and obligatory law on yourself never to mention your own mental diseases. If you are never to speak of them, you will think of them but little; and if you think little of them, they will molest you rarely."

5. *In extremity of either.* Extremely given to either. Cf. iv. 3. 23 below.

6. *Modern censure.* Ordinary judgment. See on ii. 7. 156 above. For *censure*, cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 37: "In my just censure, in my true opinion;" *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 144: "To give your censures in this weighty business," etc. So the verb=judge in *J. C.* iii. 2. 16, *Cor.* ii. 1. 25, etc.

Worse than drunkards. "For both alike are as incapable of action as drunkards, and their state is more permanent" (M.).

9. *Good to be a post.* M. again quotes Johnson: "I remember that I

was once at the house of a lady for whom I have a high respect. When the company were gone I said to her, 'What foolish talking have we had!' 'Yes,' said she, 'but while they talked you said nothing.' I was struck with the reproof. How much better is the man who does anything that is innocent, than he who does nothing!"

13. *Politic.* That is, arising from "professionally assumed or half real sympathy with his client" (M.).

14. *Nice.* Affected, squeamish. Halliwell quotes Heywood, *Proverbes:* "As nice as a nunnes hen."

15. *Simples.* The ingredients of a compound, especially of herbs and medicines. Cf. *R. of L.* 530, *R. and J.* v. 1. 40, *Ham.* iv. 7. 145, etc.

17. *My often.* The 1st folio has "by often," which Halliwell retains, considering the duplication of *in* an instance like that in ii. 7. 139.

18. *Humorous.* "Fanciful" (Wr.). Cf. its use in i. 2. 249 and ii. 3. 8. Schmidt explains it here as "sad."

19. *A traveller!* See on ii. 1. 41 above.

28. *God be wi' you.* See on iii. 2. 242 above; and for *an*=if, Gr. 101.

30. "See Overbury's *Characters*, where 'An Affectate Traveller' is described: 'He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and lisping.' Rosalind's satire is not yet without point. She punishes Orlando for being late by pretending not to notice him till Jaques is gone" (Wr.).

31. *Strange suits.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 79 fol.: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy," etc.; and *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 30:

> "tall stockings,
> Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel."

Disable=disparage; as in v. 4. 73 below. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 30 and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 67.

33. *That countenance.* Of that countenance, or national physiognomy. See Gr. 201 and cf. i. 3. 114 above.

34. *Swam.* The folio has "swom" for the participle in *Temp.* ii. 2. 133, and for the past tense in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 26. (Schmidt).

Gondola is spelt "Gundello" in the folio, and the word is still pronounced "gundalow" in New England seaports.

Johnson explains the passage, "That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion."

43. *Clapp'd him o' the shoulder.* That is, arrested him (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* v. 3. 78. For another sense (as a mark of approval or good-will), see *Much Ado*, i. 1. 261, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 107. etc.

47. *Of.* By. Cf. iii. 2. 321 above. Gr. 170.

49. *Than you can make.* Hanmer's correction of the "you make" of the folio.

55. *Beholding.* Beholden. See Gr. 372 or *Mer.* p. 135.

61. *Leer.* Look. There seems to be a touch of sarcasm in the word, though in early English it meant simply face, aspect.

66. *You were better.* See on iii. 3. 79 above.

67. *Gravelled.* Stuck in the sand, brought to a standstill. Wr. quotes Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 7. 8: "Silenus was gravelled and out of countenance."

58. *Out.* At a loss for words. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 152, 165; *Cor.* v. 3. 41, etc. See also iii. 2. 233 above.

69. *God warn us!* God forbid! Some have thought it a corruption of "God ward (that is, guard) us!" Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 254.

77. *Ranker.* Schmidt explains this as="greater;" W. makes it= grosser, worse. Cf. *rank* in *Ham.* i. 2. 136, iii. 3. 36, etc. The Coll. MS. has "*thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit."

78. *Suit.* For the quibble, cf. ii. 7. 44 above.

86. *Was not.* Has not been. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc. Gr. 347.

88. *Troilus*, etc. "She will not give Troilus the honour of dying by Achilles' spear, nor trailed by his steeds, as in *Æn.* i. 474" (M.). It is of a piece with Leander's "cramp."

94. *Chroniclers.* Hanmer changed this to "coroners," not seeing that Rosalind sportively *compares* the chroniclers to a coroner's jury.

116. *Go to.* Come; a common phrase of exhortation or reproof. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 297, etc. See also *Gen.* xi. 4.

124. *Commission.* Warrant, authority to perform the rite.

125. *There 's.* Changed by Steevens to "There;" but a relative may be "understood." Cf. Gr. 244. *Goes before the priest;* that is, does not wait for him to dictate the words.

133. *April.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 93:

> "A day in April never came so sweet,
> To show how costly summer was at hand," etc.

Elsewhere the metaphor is drawn from the rainy April; as in *A. and C.* iii. 2. 43: "The April 's in her eyes," etc.

134. *May.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 102: "Love, whose month is ever May," etc.

136. *A Barbary cock-pigeon.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 108: "a Barbary hen."

137. *Against.* Before, in expectation of (Schmidt); as in *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 28, etc.

For *new-fangled*, cf. *Sonn.* 91. 3 and *L. L. L.* i. 1. 106. *Fangled*= given to finery, occurs in *Cymb.* v. 4. 134. Nares gives examples of *fangle*= trifle or toy, from Gayton, *Fest. Notes* ("What fangle now thy thronged guests to winne") and Wood, *Athenæ* ("a hatred to fangles and the French fooleries of his time"); and Todd (Johnson's *Dict.*) adds from Greene, *Mamillia:* "There was no feather, no fangle, jem, nor jewel."

139. *Diana in the fountain.* Malone thought this an allusion to the cross in Cheapside, the religious images of which were defaced in 1596. According to Stow (*Survey of London*, 1603), there was then "set up on the east side of the cross . . . a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast, but now decayed." This passage has been quoted as fixing the date of the play between 1596, when the image was set up, and 1603, when it was "decayed;" but it is doubtful whether S. had this Diana in mind. Statues of the goddess were a frequent ornament of fountains, as Whalley and others have shown by quotations from writers of the time.

140. *A hyen.* That is, a hyena. S. mentions the animal only here. Wr. quotes Holland's *Pliny*, xxviii. 8: "The Hyæns bloud taken inwardly with fried barley meale, doth mitigat the wrings and gripes of the bellie." The bark of the hyena was supposed to resemble a loud laugh. Steevens quotes *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594: "You laugh hyena-like, weep like a crocodile." Cf. Greene, *Never too Late:* "weeps with the crocodile, and smiles with the hiena."

146. *Make the doors.* Shut the doors. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 93: "The doors are made against you." According to Halliwell's *Archaic Dict.* the expression is still used in Yorkshire, and Dr. Evans (quoted by Wr.) says it is also heard in Leicestershire.

147. *'T will out.* For the ellipsis, cf. i. 2. 197; and see Gr. 405.

151. *Wit, whither wilt?* A proverbial expression, of which Steevens and others quote many contemporaneous examples. It seems to mean "What will your wit lead you to?" and was used to check one who was talking nonsense or talking too much.

156. *Without her answer.* Tyrwhitt quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 10141:

> "Ye, sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?
> Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,
> That I shall yeve hire suffisant answere,
> And alle women after for hire sake;
> That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
> With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
> And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuse.
> For lacke of answere, non of us shall dien.
> Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
> Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
> And wepe and swere, and chiden subtilly,
> That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees."

158. *Her husband's occasion.* That is, "caused by him" (Schmidt); or it may mean "an occasion against her husband, an opportunity for taking advantage of him" (Wr.).

162. *Lack.* Be without, do without. Cf. *Mach.* iii. 4. 84: "Your noble friends do lack you," etc.

171. *By my troth*, etc. Wr. remarks that Rosalind swears, as Hotspur would have said (see 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 253), "like a comfit maker's wife: 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day.'"

175. *Pathetical.* Perhaps meant to be a somewhat affected word. S. puts it elsewhere only into the mouths of Armado (*L. L. L.* i. 2. 103) and Costard (*Id.* iv. 1. 150). Cotgrave, however, uses it to translate the Fr. *pathétique*. It is also found in Lodge's novel, in Florio's *Montaigne*, Greene's *Never too Late*, etc. Warb. changed it here to "atheistical," and Grey suggested "jesuitical."

176. *Hollow.* Cf. *concave* in iii. 4. 23 above.

181. *The old justice.* Steevens quotes *T. and C.* iv. 5. 225: "that old common arbitrator, Time."

182. *Simply misused.* Absolutely abused. See on iii. 2. 350 above; and cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 246, etc.

183. *We must have*, etc. Cf. Lodge's novel: "And I pray you, quoth Aliena, if your robes were off, what mettal are you made of that you

are so satyrical against women? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest?"

189. *The bay of Portugal.* Wr. observes: "In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High Admiral, Ralegh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man Captain Floyer in 'the Bay of Portugal' (Edwards, *Life of Ralegh*, ii. 56). This is the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognized, so far as I am aware, in maps and treatises on geography. It is, however, I am informed, still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable."

192. *Thought.* Halliwell explains it, "moody reflection, melancholy." See *J. C.* p. 146, note on *Take thought, and die.* Schmidt makes it = love; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 69, *T. N.* ii. 4. 115, etc.

Spleen = caprice. The word means "any sudden impulse or fit beyond the control of reason" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 10: "A mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;" etc. It is used figuratively in this sense in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 146:

> "Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth," etc.

193. *Abuses.* Deceives. See on iii. 5. 78 above.

195. *Shadow.* Shade, shady spot. Cf. *V. and A.* 191, *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 25, etc. Steevens quotes *Macb.* iv. 3. 1:

> "Let us *seek out* some desolate *shade*, and there
> Weep our sad bosoms empty."

SCENE II.—11. *His leather skin*, etc. Steevens quotes Lodge's novel: "What news, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns."

12. In the folios this line and the stage direction are printed as one line:

> "Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen."

Theo. was the first to give "The rest shall bear this burthen" as a stage direction. K. regards the whole as a stage direction, and omits it. Coll. and D. print it in different type; W. does the same, reading "They" for "Then." Barron Field conjectured,

> "Men sing him home, the rest shall bear [This burthen."

Halliwell prints,

> "Then sing him home, the rest shall bear—This burthen."

13. *Take thou no scorn.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 107: "your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 4. 35: "And take foul scorn to fawn on him."

17. *Lusty.* Jocosely = gallant; or, as Schmidt gives it, "almost = merry."

SCENE III.—Johnson remarks that "the foregoing noisy scene was introduced to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours."

2. *Much Orlando!* Spoken ironically, of course; but J. H. thinks it necessary to print "And here—much, Orlando!" and to explain it, "To be here is too much trouble for you, Orlando!" The Camb. ed. notes five stupid attempts in the way of "emendation."

7. *Bid.* Often used by S. as the past tense. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 192, *T. of S.* i. 2. 30 (but *bade* in 37 just below), etc. The participle is *bid* in every instance except *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32 (Verges's speech), where it is *bidden*. Cf. i. 2. 53 above. In the present passage, the 1st folio has "did bid," the later folios "bid."

8. *Contents.* Accented as in 21 and in v. 4. 125 below; and so invariably in S., we believe. Cf. Worc.

9. *Action.* A trisyllable. See on i. 2. 247 above. Gr. 479.

10. *Of.* See on ii. 4. 40 above. Gr. 178.

14. *Swaggerer.* Bully. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 81, 83, 91, 104, etc. For the thought, cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 207: "This would make Mercy swear and play the tyrant."

16. *And that.* And says that. Gr. 280 (cf. 415).

17. *As rare as phœnix.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 21:

> "Now I will believe
> That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
> There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
> At this hour reigning there."

In *L. C.* 93 *phœnix* is used as an adjective = matchless. According to the familiar fable, but one phœnix existed at a time, having risen from the ashes of its predecessor. See allusions to the story in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 35, *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 41, etc.

Od's my will! See on iii. 5. 43 above.

23. *Turn'd into.* Brought to. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 67: "turns me to shame;" *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "the teen that I have turn'd you to," etc.

27. *A huswife's hand.* The hand of a working housewife.

32. *Defies.* For a different sense, see epil. 17 below.

33. *Woman's.* Rowe's correction of the "women's" of the folios, which some eds. retain.

34. *Giant-rude.* Gigantically or preposterously rude. Gr. 430.

35. *Ethiope.* Not used elsewhere by S. as an adjective. For the noun, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 26, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 118, 268, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 257, etc.

37. *So please you.* See on i. 1. 85 above; and for *heard*, on iv. 1. 86.

39. *Phebes.* Addresses me in the same "cruel" strain.

44. *Laid apart.* Laid aside. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 78: "and lay apart The borrowed glories," etc.; also B. J., *To Cynthia:* "Lay thy bow of pearl apart," etc.

48. *Vengeance.* "Mischief" (Johnson and Schmidt). Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 113: "This vengeance on me had they executed."

49. *Meaning me*, etc. Meaning that I am, etc.

50. *Eyne.* Also written *eyen;* an old plural analogous to *oxen*, *sheen*, etc. It is used *without rhyme* in *R. of L.* 1229 and *Per.* iii. prol. 5.

52. *Alack.* Alas. S. uses the two words interchangeably. Thus we

have "alas the day!" in iii. 2. 204 above, and "alack the day!" in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 73, etc.

53. *Aspect.* Perhaps used in its astrological sense, the eyes being compared to stars. Cf. *R. of L.* 14, *Sonn.* 26. 10, *W. T.* ii. 1. 107, *T. and C.* i. 3. 92, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 97, etc. The accent of the word in S. is always on the last syllable. Gr. 490.

54. *Whiles.* See on ii. 7. 128 above. *Chid* is the regular past tense of *chide* in S., the participle being *chid* or *chidden.*

55. *Prayers.* A dissyllable; as often. Gr. 478.

58. *By him seal up*, etc. That is, send a sealed letter by him to let me know, etc.

59. *Kind.* Nature; as in *A. W.* i. 3. 67, etc. *Youth and kind* seems to be=youthful nature or inclination (Halliwell).

61. *Make.* Earn (Steevens and Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 7: "he made five marks, ready money."

68. *Instrument.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 380–389: "You would play upon me," etc.

70. *Snake.* Often used in this contemptuous way (Malone). Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "And you, poor snakes," etc. Halliwell adds many similar examples.

76. *Purlieus.* A technical term for the borders of a forest; used by S. only here. Reed quotes Manwood, *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx.: "Purlieu . . . is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with immoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries." Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 404: "In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play," etc.

78. *Bottom.* Valley, dale. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 105: "so rich a bottom;" Milton, *Comus*, 532: "the hilly crofts That brow this bottom-glade," etc. So *bottom-grass* in *V. and A.* 236=grass growing in a deep valley.

84. *Description.* Quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 247 above.

86. *Favour.* Look, aspect. Cf. *ill-favour'd*, iii. 5. 53 above, and see *J. C.* p. 131.

Bestows himself. Deports or conducts himself. Cf. *K. John*, iii. i. 225, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 186, etc.

87. *Ripe.* Elder, mature. *Low*=short of stature; as in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 173, iii. 1. 65 (where it is opposed to "tall"), *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 295–305, etc.

93. *Napkin.* Handkerchief, as is evident from 97 just below. Cf. *L. C.* 15: "Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne;" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 290, where Emilia says "I am glad I have found this napkin," and immediately after (306) to Iago, "What will you give me now For that same handkerchief?"

97. *Handkercher.* The folio spelling, indicating the pronunciation. In *Oth.* the quarto has "handkercher," the folio "handkerchief."

100. *An hour.* Hanmer substituted "two hours" (cf. iv. 1. 160).

101. *Food.* Commonly quoted "cud," which St. reads; but S. does not use the word. Even the all-meddlesome Coll. MS. leaves *food* undisturbed.

Sweet and bitter fancy. Malone quotes Lodge's novel: "Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the synople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste."

102. *Threw his eye.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1499, *M. for M.* v. i. 23, *K. John*, iii. 3. 59, etc.

104. *An oak.* The folio has "an old Oake," but it is not likely that S. would crowd the line with an adjective implied in *age* and *antiquity*. It reminds us of a line in an ambitious college poem which read "In the old days of ancient yore."

108. *Gilded.* Schmidt notes that S. uses *gilded* twenty times and *gilt* only six times.

109. *Her.* There is here a confusion of genders, as in *Macb.* iii. 2. 13:

> "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd *it;*
> *She* 'll close and be *herself*, whilst our poor malice
> Remains in danger of *her* former tooth."

There is no clear case in S. of *her* as the possessive of *it*. Cf. Gr. 228, 229.

112. *Indented.* Sinuous, winding. Cf. *V. and A.* 704: "Turn and return, indenting with the way." Milton, like S., has the word twice. See *Vac. Ex.* 94:

> "Or Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant, spreads
> His thirsty arms along the indented meads;"

and *P. L.* ix. 496 (of the serpent):

> "not with indented wave,
> Prone on the ground, as since."

114. *With udders*, etc. "And therefore fierce with hunger" (Wr.). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 12: "the cub-drawn bear." Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

> "the starven lioness
> When she is dry-suckt of her eager young."

116. *Should.* See Gr. 326; and for *as* in 117 (cf. 12 above) Gr. 115.

Douce quotes what Batman (*upon Barthol.* xviii. 65) says of lions: "Also their mercie is known by many and oft ensamples: for they spare them that lye on the ground." See also Lodge's novel, p. 130 above.

122. *Render.* Describe, report. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 27: "rendered me these news for true;" *Hen. V.* i. 1. 44: "A fearful battle render'd you in music," etc.

125. *To.* With regard to. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 334, *A. W.* iv. 3. 276, etc.

131. *Hurtling.* Din of conflict. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 22: "The noise of battle hurtled in the air;" Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 40: "Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily;" *Id.* i. 8. 17: "Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre;" Gray, *Fatal Sisters:*

> "Iron sleet of arrowy shower
> Hurtles in the darken'd air," etc.

134. *Contrive.* Plot. See on i. 1. 131 above; and cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 196, etc.

135. *Do not shame.* Am not ashamed. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 322. "Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery;" *Macb.* ii. 2. 64:

> "My hands are of your colour, but I shame
> To wear a heart so white;"

and Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 12. 23:

> "Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
> Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
> Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
> From her most cunning hand escaped bee."

138. *For.* As regards. Cf. v. 4. 64: "But, for the seventh cause," etc.

By and by. Presently, soon. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 2, and see note in our ed. p. 155.

140. *Recountments.* Relations, narratives; used by S. only here.

141. *As.* As for instance. Cf. ii. 1. 6 above.

149. *In fainting.* See Gr. 161.

150. *Brief.* "In brief" (142 above). Cf. *K. John*, v. 6. 18 and *Per.* iii. prol. 39. *Recover'd*=restored; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 71, 79, 97, *W. T.* iv. 4. 815, etc.

151. *Being strong at heart.* "Having now recovered from his faint" (M.).

155. *His.* The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "this," which some eds. retain.

159. *Cousin Ganymede.* Halliwell prints "Cousin—Ganymede!" following Johnson, who says: "Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says, *Ganymede*." But *cousin* is probably used loosely, as explained on i. 3. 40 above.

165. *Ah, sirrah.* "On recovering herself, Rosalind immediately resumes her boyish sauciness, and a little overdoes it" (W.). Schmidt explains it thus: "Sometimes forming part of a soliloquy and addressed to an imaginary person, or rather to the speaker himself (always preceded by *ah*)." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 17 and *R. and J.* i. 5. 31, 128. Pope changed *sirrah* to "sir." See *Macb.* p. 236, note on *sirrah*.

M., who prints "sirra," remarks: "A similar form seems still in use in America (without any notion of upbraiding)." He apparently refers to the vulgar "sirree," which is of very recent origin and of course has no connection with *sirrah*.

A body. As Halliwell notes, the term was formerly used in this way in serious composition. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 25, etc. Wr. quotes *Psalm* liii. 1 (Prayer-Book version): "The foolish body hath said in his heart."

169. *Of earnest.* In earnest. Cf. i. 2. 23, i. 3. 26, and iv. i. 171 above.

171. *Take a good heart.* S. does not elsewhere use the article in this and similar phrases. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 1. 56: "Bid her have good heart;" *J. C.* iv. 3. 288: "I have taken heart," etc.

175. *Draw homewards.* Come home. We still use *draw near*, but not=come in, enter, as in *Temp.* v. 1. 318, *A. W.* iii. 2. 101, and *T. of A.* ii. 2. 46.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—10. *It is meat and drink to me.* A common proverbial expression. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 306: "That 's meat and drink to me, now." Halliwell gives many examples from other writers of that day.

11. *We shall be flouting.* "We must have our joke" (Wr.). For *shall*, cf. i. 1. 118 above; and for *flouting*, iii. 3. 94.

14. *God ye good even.* That is, God give you good even. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 58: "God gi' good-den" ("Godgigoden" in the folio), and *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 89: "God-den," etc.

47. *Female.* Touchstone, like many of his kindred now, prefers *female* to the "common" *woman*. See *M. N. D.* p. 171, note on *Females*.

53. *Bandy.* Contend, strive. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 312: "fit to bandy with thy lawless sons." See also *R. and J.* iii. 1. 92 and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 190.

57. *God rest you merry.* God keep you merry. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 65: "rest you merry!" For similar forms, see *M. of V.* i. 3. 60, *M. for M.* iv. 3. 186, *A. and C.* i. 1. 62, etc.

58. *Seeks.* See Gr. 336.

SCENE II.—1. *Is 't possible*, etc. As Steevens remarks, the poet seems to be aware that, in varying from the novel here (see p. 131, foot-note), he makes the passion of Celia appear rather hasty.

3. *Persever.* The word was so spelt in the time of S. and accented on the penult. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37, and see *M. N. D.* p. 166. On *wooing*, see Gr. 378.

6. *Of her.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 50: "The kindred of him," etc. Gr. 225.

7. *Her sudden.* The *her* is not in the folio; added by Rowe.

11. *Estate.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 85, etc. We find "estate unto" in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 98.

14. *And all 's contented followers.* M. remarks that this seems to mean "all his followers who will be kind enough to favour us."

17. *And you, fair sister.* Johnson would read "your fair sister;" but, as Chamier suggested, Oliver addresses her in her assumed character of a woman courted by Orlando. W. thinks that Oliver knows Rosalind's sex, having been informed of it by Celia, whom he has wooed and won since the end of the last act; "for to suppose that she kept Rosalind's secret from him one moment longer than was necessary to give her own due precedence would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters quite deplorable." Let the reader judge.

25. *Handkercher.* See on iv. 3. 97 above.

26. *And greater wonders*, etc. Gervinus thinks that Oliver discovered the sex of Rosalind by her fainting, and told Orlando of it; but we cannot agree with him.

28. *I know where you are.* That is, what you hint at, what you mean. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 148: "O, ho, are you there with me?"

30. *Thrasonical.* Boastful; from Thraso, the bragging soldier in the *Eunuchus* of Terence. It is not necessary to suppose that S. had read Terence, for the word was already in use. Halliwell quotes several earlier instances of it; as *Orlando Furioso*, 1594: "a Thrasonical mad cap,"

etc. S. uses it again in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 14. For the reference to Cæsar, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 24.

36. *Incontinent.* Immediately. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 6. 48: "put on sullen black incontinent," etc.

37. *Wrath.* Passion, ardour.

38. *Clubs.* "Clubs!" was the rallying cry of the London apprentices, who used their clubs to put an end to a public disturbance, or sometimes (cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 53) merely to join in one. See *R. and J.* i. 1. 80. Malone aptly quotes *T. A.* ii. 1. 37: "Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace."

40. *Nuptial.* S. uses the singular except in *Per.* v. 3. 80. In *Oth.* ii. 2. 8 the quartos have the plural. See *Temp.* p. 143, note on *The nuptial;* and cf. *J. C.* p. 183, note on *His funerals.*

41. *By so much . . . by how much*, etc. Cf. for the same arrangement of clauses, *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 126:

> "Which would be so much the more dangerous,
> By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd;"

for the inverse order, *K. John*, ii. 1. 80 and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 234. See also iii. 3. 55 above.

50. *Of good conceit.* Of good intellect. Schmidt thinks it may mean "birth," since it would need no magician to see that he was a man of good mental capacity. For *conceit* in this latter sense, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 92: "wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;" 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 263: "there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet," etc.

51. *Insomuch.* Seing that, since; used by S. nowhere else.

54. *Grace me.* Gain me credit. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 71: "goes to the wars, to grace himself on his return," etc. See also i. 1. 135 above.

56. *Three year.* See on iii. 2. 298 above.

Conversed. Been acquainted or associated with. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 63, *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 28, etc.

57. *Not damnable.* Not deserving the penalty usually meted out to his craft. By an act of the time of Elizabeth, death without benefit of clergy was the punishment for the practice of witchcraft whereby death ensued; imprisonment and the pillory for minor forms of the crime. An act of James I. repealing this made death the penalty for invoking evil spirits or practising witchcraft at all.

58. *Gesture.* Bearing, behaviour. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 88: "mark his gesture;" *Id.* iv. 1. 142: "his gesture imports it," etc. For *it* in *cries it out*, see on i. 3. 120 above.

61. *Inconvenient.* Disagreeable; used by S. only here.

62. *Human as she is*, etc. "That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation" (Johnson).

65. *Tender dearly.* Hold dear, value highly (though I risk it by confessing myself a magician). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 74: "which name I tender As dearly as my own;" *Ham.* i. 3. 107: "Tender yourself more dearly," etc. For the reflexive use of *you* in next line, see Gr. 223.

69. *Lover.* For the feminine use, see on iii. 4. 39 above.

70. *Ungentleness.* Unkindness; used nowhere else by S.

75. *Him.* The word is emphatic, as the measure shows. Gr. 483.

87. *Fantasy.* See on ii. 4. 27 above.

89. *Duty and observance.* Respect and homage. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 203: "followed her with a doting observance," etc.

In line 91 the folio repeats "observance," which is obviously an error. Coll. (following his MS.), D., and W. substitute "obedience" in 87; but we prefer to put it, as Malone does, in 89. It is urged in favour of the former arrangement that "obedience" goes better with "adoration and duty" than with "purity and trial;" but the same may be said of "observance." On the other hand, when we find a word repeated in this way, it is probably an accidental repetition in setting the type, the compositor having his eye or his thoughts on the word he has just set.

Other emendations proposed in 89 are "obeisance" (which S. uses only in *T. of S.* ind. 1. 108: "do him obeisance"), "endurance" (which he has three times in the sense of suffering, or sufferance), "deservance" (which he does not use at all), "perséverance" (as it is accented by S.), and "devotion." The last two are plausible, but no more so than "obedience," which the poet uses oftener than either.

96. *To love.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

99. *Why*, etc. Some editors adopt Rowe's "Who do you speak to," etc.; but no change is really called for. *Speak*=say; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 16, *Macb.* iv. 3. 154, etc. Orlando's reply is=Because I speak to her, etc.

101. *Nor doth not.* See on ii. 3. 50 above, and cf. v. 4. 82 below. Gr. 408.

102. *Like the howling*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. i. 379: "And the wolf behowls the moon." See also *J. C.* iv. 3. 27. In Lodge's novel we find the expression, "thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone." There were wolves in Ireland down to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

SCENE III.—4. *Dishonest.* Immodest. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 49: "dishonest manners," etc. See also *honest* in i. 2. 34 and iii. 3. 22 above.

To be a woman of the world. That is, a married woman. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 331: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt: I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" *A. W.* i. 3. 20: "If I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may."

7. *By my troth.* See on i. 2. 79 above.

10. *Clap into 't roundly.* Set about it at once. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 43: "I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come." See also *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44. For *roundly*=at once, without ceremony, cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 59, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 122, etc.; and note the use of *round*=blunt, unceremonious, in *T. A.* ii. 3. 102, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 216, etc.

12. *The only prologues.* Only the prologues. Cf. i. 2. 173 above. Capell conjectured "only the," and W. reads "your only." Wr. quotes a parallel instance from Sidney, *Arcadia:* "Gynecia, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her shoulder put out of ioynct."

13. *A tune.* One tune. See Gr. 81.

15. In the folio the last stanza is made the second. The arrangement here given is found in the earliest copy of the song with musical notes, printed in Morley's *First Book of Ayres, or little short Songs to sing and play to the Lute*, 1600; also in a MS. copy made certainly before 1639, and preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

16. *With a hey*, etc. In the preface to his *Ghostly Psalms* (quoted by Wr.) Coverdale refers to these meaningless burdens of songs: "And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Glehana's [Elkanah's] wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *hey nony nony*, *hey troly loly*, and such like phantasies."

18. *Ring time.* The reading of the Edinburgh MS.; the folio has "rang time." Schmidt explains it as "time of exchanging rings, of making love;" others, time for marriage.

21. *Acres.* Fields; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 81, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 25, etc.

33. *Matter.* Sense. Cf. ii. 1. 68 above.

34. *Untuneable.* Inharmonious, discordant (Schmidt). Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 208: "harsh, untuneable, and bad." See also *tuneable* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 184 and iv. 1. 129. Theo. substituted "untimeable" (a word not found in S.), which W. adopts. Schmidt remarks that it is "more logical indeed, but not to the improvement of the jest." *Untuneable* agrees better with what Touchstone afterwards says, "God mend your voices!" The page mistakes the point of the criticism, perhaps intentionally.

SCENE IV.—4. *As those that fear*, etc. That is, whose hopes are mingled with fear, and only their fears certain. That this is the general meaning is evident from the preceding line. No less than twelve "emendations" are noted in the Camb. ed. Delius adopts Henley's, which merely changes the pointing: "As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear." This is bad enough, but most of the dozen are worse. As "a similar jingle" Halliwell quotes *M. for M.* v. 1. 203:

> "Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
> But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

5. *Whiles.* See on ii. 7. 128. *Compact* is accented by S. on the last syllable except in 1 *Hen. VI*, v. 4. 163. Cf. Gr. 490.

18. *Make all this matter even.* Or, as we now say, "make it all straight." So, just below, *make these doubts all even* = reconcile them, clear them up. Steevens quotes *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41:

> "Yet death we fear,
> That makes these odds all even."

In *A. W.* ii. 1. 194, "will you make it even?" = will you make it good?

22. *To wed.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 416.

27. *Lively.* Lifelike. Wr. quotes *T. of A.* i. 1. 38: "Livelier than life." For *favour*, see on i. 2. 35 above.

32. *Desperate.* "Forbidden by law" (Schmidt).

34. *Obscured.* Hidden; as in i. 1. 63 above. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 395: "why I obscured myself," etc.

35. *Toward.* At hand, coming. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 83: "a play toward;" *T. of S.* v. 1. 14: "some cheer is toward," etc. *Towards* is used once in the same sense, in *R. and J.* i. 5. 124.

39. *Good my lord.* See on i. 2. 1 above.

42. *Put me to my purgation.* Challenge me to prove it. *Purgation* properly = exculpation; as in i. 3. 51 above. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 7: "the guilt or the purgation," etc.

43. *A measure.* A formal court dance. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "a measure, full of state and ancientry." See also *Rich. II.* i. 3. 291, etc.

45. *And like.* And had like, or was likely. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 115: "We had like to have had our two noses snapped off;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 750: "Your worship had like to have given us one," etc. Schmidt makes *like* a noun here. Cf. *had as lief* (i. 1. 133) and *like*=likely (i. 2. 15). *Like* is still vulgarly used in this way, at least in New England.

47. *To'en up.* Made up. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 320: "I have his horse to take up the quarrel," etc.

53. *God 'ield you.* See on iii. 3. 66 above. On *I desire you of the like*, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance," and see note in our ed. p. 160.

54. *Copulatives.* Candidates for marriage.

56. *Blood.* Passion. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 187:

> "for beauty is a witch
> Against whose charms faith melteth into blood;"

and *Id.* ii. 3. 170: "O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory."

Ill-favour'd. Cf. iii. 5. 53 above, and see on i. 2. 35.

58. *Honesty.* See on v. 3. 4 above.

59. *Your.* See on iii. 4. 11 above.

60. *Swift.* Ready, quick. Cf. iii. 2. 260: "a nimble wit." *Sententious*="full of pithy sayings" (Wr.) Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 3.

62. *The fool's bolt.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 132: "A fool's bolt is soon shot." A *bolt* was a blunt-headed arrow.

63. *Such dulcet diseases.* Schmidt explains this as "sweet mortifications." Walker considers it a continuation of what Touchstone has just said of "your pearl in your foul (diseased) oyster." Attempts have been made to mend the fool's talk by changing *diseases* to "discourses," "discords," or "phrases."

67. *Seeming.* Seemingly, becomingly. Gr. 1. For *as*, see Gr. 113; and cf. ii. 1. 6 above.

On *dislike*, Warb. quotes B. and F., *Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1:

> "Has he familiarly
> Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet
> Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that report
> In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,
> Cried 't was ill-mounted? has he given the lie
> In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
> Or direct parallel? you must challenge him."

72. *Quip.* A sharp jest, or sarcasm; or, as Lyly defines it in his *Campaspe*, "a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word." Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 12, *M. W.* i. 3. 45, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 249, etc.

See also Milton, *L'All.* 27: "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles;" Spenser, *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 709: "And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface," etc. Spenser has it as a verb (=jeer, taunt) in *F. Q.* vi. 7. 44: "The more he laughes, and does her closely quip."

73. *Disabled.* Disparaged. See on iv. 1. 31 above.

77. *Lied.* Capell's correction of the "lie" of the folio.

Countercheck. Check; as in chess. S. uses the word again in *K. John*, ii. 1. 224: "A countercheck before your gates."

84. *Can you nominate*, etc. "Did you invent all this on the spur of the moment, or was it really a quotation such as you can repeat over again?" (M.).

86. *By the book.* As Warb. notes, S. doubtless refers here to a book by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594. It is entitled "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Bookes. The first intreating of the vse of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels." The second book contains "A Discourse most necessarie for all Gentlemen that haue in regarde their honors touching the giuing and receiuing of the Lie, wherevpon the Duello & the Combats in diuers sortes doth insue, & many other inconueniencies, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: & the right vnderstanding of wordes, which heere is plainly set downe, beginning thus." The subject is treated under the following heads: "Of the manner and diuersitie of Lies;" "Of Lies certaine;" "Of conditionall Lyes;" "Of the Lye in generall;" "Of the Lye in particular;" "Of foolish Lyes." The chapter "Of conditionall Lyes," which seems to correspond to Touchstone's "Lie circumstantial," begins thus: "Conditionall lyes be such as are giuen conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these woordes. If thou hast saide that I haue offered my Lord abuse, thou lyest: or if thou saiest so heerafter, thou shalt lye. And as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou doest lye. Of these kinde of lyes giuen in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and diuers intricate worthy battailes, multiplying wordes vpon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise." The author warns his readers "by all meanes possible to shunne all conditionall lyes, neuer geuing anie other but certayne Lyes: the which in like manner they ought to haue great regarde, that they giue them not, vnless they be by some sure means infallibly assured, that they giue them rightly, to the ende that the parties vnto whome they be giuen, may be forced without further Ifs and Ands, either to deny or iustifie, that which they haue spoken."

87. *Books for good manners.* There were many such in the time of S., and indeed at a much earlier date. Halliwell mentions one published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1507, the colophon of which reads: "Here endeth and fynysshed the boke named and Intytled good maners. Emprynted at London in ye Flete Strete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynken de Worde. In ye yere of our Lorde, M. CCCCC. and vii. The x. daye of December," etc. There was an earlier edition printed by Pynson in 1494, stated to be "finyshed and translated out of Frenshe into Englissh the viij. day of June in the yere of oure Lorde 1486." Pynson also printed another book entitled "the myrrour of good maners," etc., translated

from the Latin by Alexander Bercley, "prest and monke of Ely." The work which S. may have had immediately in mind was "A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat," printed at London in 1554. Overbury, in his *Characters*, 1626, says: "A fine gentleman is the cynnamon tree, whose barke is more worth than his body. Hee hath reade the Booke of Good Manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it." As Wr. remarks, "the card or calendar of gentry" to which Hamlet (v. 2. 114) compares Osric, may allude to the title of some such book.

97. *Swore brothers.* Like the *fratres jurati*, who took an oath to share each other's fortunes. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 20, and see note in our ed. p. 208. See also *Much Ado*, i. 1. 73, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 7, and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 345.

101. *A stalking-horse.* A horse, or the figure of one, behind which sportsmen approached their game. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 95: "Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits." Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion:* "One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth stalk;" and Nares cites *The Malcontent:* "A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse."

102. *Presentation.* Semblance; used by S. only here and in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 84: "The presentation of but what I was."

103. *Still music.* Soft music. The folio has the stage-direction "*Musick still*" in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 80. Cf. "stilly sounds" in *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 5, and see note in our ed. p. 171.

105. *Atone together.* Are at one, or agree together. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 72: "He and Aufidius can no more atone," etc. It is used transitively (= make at one, reconcile) in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 244.

109. *Her hand.* The 1st and 2d folios have "his hand;" and in the next line all the folios have "his bosom," which Wr. retains. Halliwell follows Caldecott in retaining "his" in both cases, on the ground that Rosalind is still in masculine dress. On 110 cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 826: "Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast;" *Rich. III.* i. 2. 205: "Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;" and *V. and A.* 582:

> "her heart,
> The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
> He carries thence incaged in his breast."

125. *If truth holds true contents.* "If truth contains truth, if the possession of truth be not imposture" (Caldecott).

126–131. The reader will have no difficulty in distributing these lines among the four couples.

128. *Accord.* Agree, consent. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 90, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 86, etc.

130. *Sure.* "Indissolubly united" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 237:

> "The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
> Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us."

134. *That reason*, etc. "That the facts when stated may diminish wonder" (M.).

135. *Finish.* Intransitive; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 201: "His days may finish ere that hapless time."

136. *Wedding is great Juno's crown*, etc. W. remarks: "Both the thought and the form of the thought in this Song seem to me as unlike

Shakespeare's as they could well be, and no less unworthy of his genius; and for the same reasons I think it not improbable that the whole of Hymen's part is from another pen than his." We are inclined to agree with him; and it may be noted also that lines 117–138 make an awkward break in the dialogue, which would run along very naturally without them."

139. *High wedlock*, etc. That is, let it be highly honoured, as the next line shows.

143. Theo. and some modern editors read "daughter-welcome."

145. *Fancy*. Love. See on iii. 2. 339 above. *Combine* = bind; as in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 149 (quoted by Steevens): "I am combined by a sacred vow."

151. *Address'd*. Prepared. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 58: "To-morrow for the march are we address'd." See also *J. C.* p. 156.

Power = army. S. uses both the singular and the plural in this sense, as we do *force* and *forces*. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 169: "with a mighty power;" and *Id.* iv. 3. 308: "Bid him set on his powers," etc.

152. *In his own conduct*. Led by himself. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 129: "Under whose conduct came those powers of France?" *Cymb.* iv. 2. 340: "Under the conduct of bold Iachimo," etc.

155. *Religious*. See on iii. 2. 322 above.

156. *Question*. See on iii. 4. 32 above; and for the ellipsis of the subject in *was converted*, Gr. 400.

159. *Restor'd*. Being restored; or "were" may be understood (Gr. 403). For *them* the folios have "him;" corrected by Rowe.

160. *Exil'd*. S. puts the accent on either syllable. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 133 and *Macb.* v. 8. 66. See Gr. 490; and for *to be true*, Gr. 354.

161. *Engage*. Pledge. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 563: "I will engage my word to thee;" *J. C.* ii. 1. 127: "honesty to honesty engaged," etc.

162. *Offer'st fairly*. Makest a goodly offering or contribution.

163. *To the other*. Through his marriage with Rosalind.

164. *At large*. "In its length and breadth" (M.); or "on a large scale" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 346:

> "The baby figure of the giant mass
> Of things to come at large."

165. *Do those ends*, etc. Finish up the work so well begun.

167. *After*. Afterwards; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "And after bite me," etc.

For *every*, cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 38: "every of your wishes." Wr. quotes Bacon, *Essay* xv.: "For the Motions of the greatest persons, in a Government, ought to be, as the Motions of the Planets, vnder *Primum Mobile;* (according to the old Opinion:) which is, That Every of them, is carried swiftly, by the Highest Motion, and softly in their owne Motion." It is curious that *every* is the only one of these so-called "adjective pronouns" which we do not now use in this way. We can say "any of them," "each of them," etc., but not "every of them."

168. *Shrewd*. Evil. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 178: "a shrewd turn" (that is, an ill turn); and see *Mer.* p. 151 or *J. C.* p. 145.

170. *States*. Estates; but not to be printed "'states," as W. gives it.

Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 262: "my state was nothing;" 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 46: "the exact wealth of all our states," etc. On the other hand, *estate* was sometimes =state, condition; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 239: "his letter there Will show you his estate," etc. Cf. *Gen.* xliii. 7, *Ps.* cxxxvi. 23, etc.

171. *New-fallen.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 44: "your new-fallen right." For *fall*=befall, see *A. and C.* iii. 7. 40: "no disgrace shall fall you," etc.

174. *Measures.* See on 43 above.

175. *By your patience.* With your permission. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 31, *Cor.* i. 3. 81, etc. So "with your patience;" as in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 78, etc.

177. *Pompous.* Full of pomp, splendid. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 250: "the pompous body of a king;" *Per.* iii. prol. 4: "this most pompous marriage-feast." It now carries with it the idea of ostentatious display.

179. *Convertites.* Converts; a word not used by S. Cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 19: "a gentle convertite;" and *R. of L.* 743: "a heavy convertite."

180. *Matter.* See on ii. 1. 68 above.

181. *You to your former honour*, etc. That is, bequeath your former honour to you. Schmidt (p. 1424) gives many examples of this inversion of ideas in S. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 282: "Impose me to what penance;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 106: "Till we assign you to your days of trial;" *Macb.* v. 8. 49: "I would not wish them to a fairer death," etc.

182. *Deserves.* For the singular, see Gr. 336.

193. Steevens remarks that S. has here forgotten old Adam, "whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found in the return of fortune to his master." Lodge, at the end of the novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.

EPILOGUE.

2. *Unhandsome.* Improper, unbecoming.

3. *Good wine needs no bush.* A common proverb. A bush or tuft of ivy was in olden time the sign of a vintner. Steevens quotes Gascoigne, *Glass of Government*, 1575: "Now a days the good wyne needeth none ivye garland." Wr. cites Florio, *Second Frutes*, p. 185: "Womens beauty . . . is like vnto an Iuy bush, that cals men to the tauern, but hangs itselfe without to winde and wether." Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) has "Bouchon: m. A stopple; also, a wispe of strawe, &c., also, the bush of a tauerne, or alehouse." Cf. also Chaucer's description of the Sompnour, *C. T.* 668:

> "A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
> As gret as it were for an alestake."

7. *Insinuate with you.* Ingratiate myself with you. Cf. *V. and A.* 1012: "With Death she humbly doth insinuate;" and *Rich. III.* i. 4. 152: "he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh."

8. *Furnished.* Dressed. See on iii. 2. 230 above.

9. *Conjure.* Accented by S. on either syllable without regard to the meaning. See *M. N. D.* p. 164.

11. *As please you.* As may please you. See Gr. 367.

14. *If I were a woman.* Caldecott cites this in support of his opinion that Rosalind is still in male apparel (see on v. 4. 109 above); but he

forgets that in the time of S. women never played in the theatres. See *M. N. D.* p. 134, note on *Let me not play a woman.* Wr. remarks that Pepys in his *Diary* has several allusions to this. The following quotations are from the new edition by Mr. Bright:

August, 18th, 1660. "Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to see the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kinaston,* a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life."

January 3, 1660. "To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

January 8, 1660/1. "After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them 'The Widdow,' an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being too seek in their parts."

Feb. 12, 1660/1. "By water to Salsbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scornfull Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me."

16. *Liked.* Pleased. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. prol. 32: "The offer likes not;" *Id.* iv. 3. 77: "Which likes me better," etc. Gr. 297.

17. *Defied.* Slighted, despised (Schmidt). Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 23: "No, I defy all counsel, all redress," etc.; also Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 8. 52: "Foole! (sayd the Pagan) I thy gift defye" (disdain, or refuse); *Four Prentices of London* (quoted by Nares):

> "Vain pleasures I abhor, all things defy,
> That teach not to despair, or how to die."

Cf. *defiance*=disdain, rejection; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 143, etc.

ADDENDUM.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 161) as follows:

"The time of this Play may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with such sufficient intervals as the reader may imagine for himself as requisite for the probability of the plot.

1. Act I. sc. i.
2. Act I. sc. ii. and iii., and Act II. sc. i. [Act II. sc. iii.]

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* This was Edward Kynaston, who was engaged by Sir W. Davenant in 1660 to perform the principal female characters. He also played leading male parts. Pepys, under date of January 7, 1660–1, says (we quote from Lord Braybrooke's ed.): "Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Silent Woman.' Among other things here, Kinaston the boy had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house: and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house." It was this Kynaston who once kept Charles II. waiting for a tragedy to begin "because the queen was not shaved." He lived until 1712, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. —(*Ed.*)

3. Act II. sc. ii.* [Act III. sc. i.]
   An interval of a few days. The journey to Arden.
4. Act II. sc. iv.
5. Act II. sc. v., vi., and vii.
   An interval of a few days—as the next scene shows.
6. Act III. sc. ii.
   An interval—indefinite.†
7. Act III. sc. iii.
8. Act III. sc. iv. and v., Act IV., sc. i., ii., and iii., and Act V. sc. i.
9. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.
10. Act V. sc. iv.

Two scenes of the Play—Act II. sc. iii. and Act III. sc. i.—are placed, within brackets, out of their actual order in this table. The first must be referred to day No. 2, the second to day No. 3. Looking to the *time* of the scenes, they are out of place: the author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand.

In a mere narrative this is, of course, a common practice; I am not sure that I know of any other instance in a dramatic composition."

---

* "*An interval* perhaps might be expected between the day of Rosalind's banishment and the day (No. 3) on which her flight is discovered. The Duke allows her ten days for preparation; but she and her companions would hardly delay so long, and any delay at all would throw the scheme of time utterly out of gear. . . I believe the author started them on their journey on the night ensuing the banishment, and made Days 1, 2, and 3 consecutive. In Lodge's *Rosalynde*, it may be observed, the Duke, who banishes his daughter as well as his niece, bids them depart the same night."

† "During this interval we may imagine the inhabitants of the forest 'fleeting the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world:' the Duke and his fellows hunting, carousing, and disputing with the melancholy Jaques; Orlando calling every day at the Sheep-cote, wooing his mistress under the disguise of Ganymede; while Touchstone finds out and courts Audrey."

CHARLECOTE HOUSE FROM THE AVON.

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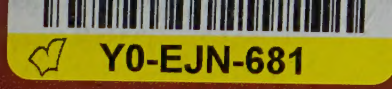
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